



VOL. XXV, No. 28.

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, TUESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1935

FOUR PAGES

GREEN AND GOLD WHOOPERS SICK ON TRAIN

Report to the General Meeting of the S.M.M. Concerning the Female of the Species

This monumental work undertaken by the S.M.M. in the interests, and for the betterment, of the homo generis (male), which was undertaken some years ago, has now come to successful conclusion. We trust that our findings may be of some small value to the downtrodden and misunderstood race (male), who for the many years in which authenticated data concerning the above topic was not available, suffered in silence the predatory invasions of the opposite sex. The successful conclusion to such a work can best be expressed in the words of our esteemed President, who, due to the high feeling of pride and achievement in our tremendous enterprise, says:

We used to wonder long ago, The S.M.M. and I,
We used to wonder long ago
If girls could be for aught but show
We pondered gravely, now we know,
The S.M.M. and I.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE 1 ON THE LEGEND OF THEIR FATAL BEAUTY.

We started strong, but now we're faint,
Committee 1, and I,
We started strong, but now we're faint,
We're smothered in a world of paint,
At last we've found their good looks
"ain't,"
Committee 1, and I.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE 2 ON THE REMOTE POSSIBILITY OF THEM POSSESSING BRAINS, RATHER THAN INSTINCT.

We sit in silence while they prate,
Committee 2, and I,
We sit in silence while they prate
And all their feeble woes relate,
Their brains, alas, we must berate,
Committee 2, and I.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE 3 ON THE ORIGIN OF THE QUEER PROTECTIVE INSTINCT OF THE UNWARY MALE.

We suffer them their clinging ways,
Committee 3, and I,
We suffer them their clinging ways,
We've found it's not Dame Fashion's
craze,
But that their minds are in a daze,
Committee 3, and I.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE 4 ON THEIR ADAPTABILITY TO BE TRAINED TO SIMPLE TASKS.

We know they're useful in a pinch,
Committee 4, and I,
We know they're useful in a pinch,

OH, LOOK!

Leduc, Alta., Jan. 29.—Ezra Corn-tassel's cow had twin calves here this morning. Both mother and children are doing as well as could be expected.

And washing dishes is a cinch,
So now we trust them to the ginch,
Committee 4, and I.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE 5 ON THE COST OF THEIR ALL-CONSUMING VANITY.

This topic nearly made us swoon,
Committee 5, and I.
This topic nearly made us swoon,
The cost, if stacked in gold doubloon,
Would, we've found, just reach the moon,
Committee 5, and I.

CONCLUSIONS DRAWN BY THE GENERAL MEETING FROM THE COMMITTEE REPORTS.

We've found that Woman's views are bloated,
The S.M.M. and I,
We've found that Woman's views are bloated,
That on themselves they sweetly doted,
At this point we frankly gloated,
The S.M.M. and I.

WORLD NEWS IN BRIEF

Shanghai, China, Jan. 29.—Serious rioting broke out here at an early hour this morning, but the police now have the matter well in hand. Several unidentified Chinamen by the name of Schmidt were slightly injured, but are doing as well as could be expected.

Dublin, Ireland, Jan. 29.—Serious rioting broke out here at an early hour this morning, but the police now have the matter well in hand. Several unidentified Chinamen by the name of Kelly were slightly injured, but are doing as well as could be expected.

Presymysl, Czechoslovakia, Jan. 29.—Serious rioting broke out here at an early hour this morning, but the police now have the matter well in hand. Several bad Czechs were discovered in a nearby bank by a detachment of the Presmysl police force. All are doing as well as could be expected.

Waterloo, Belgium, July 18. — The French troops under Napoleon were decisively defeated today by the English, commanded by the Duke of Wellington. Interviewed at an early hour this morning, Napoleon intimated that he was disgusted with the whole busi-

Med Bawl To Be Brilliant Social Event

AN INVITATION

The Woman Haters Club extends an invitation to the regular Gateway staff to put out any or all of the remaining issues of The Gateway single-handed. Applications should be turned in to the Woman Haters Office before or after Jan. 30, 1935. All applications should be clearly printed on standard telegraph forms and burned.

"I Have Nothing to Say" Is Statement of McCormick

"I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY," IS STATEMENT OF MCCORMICK

Two Heds Are Better Than One

What was life like in the Jurassic period? What was life like in the Pre-Cambrian period? What is life like Athabasca Hall? Researches now being carried on by the Department of Invertebrate Palaeontology (jellyfish to you) in the extensive ice-fields in front of the Arts Building are expected to yield results which will probably amaze even the trained minds of the Geology Department, who are used to being amazed anyway.

ness, and planned to retire to his southern estate at St. Helena.

Berlin, Germany, Jan. 29.—Serious rioting broke out here at an early hour this morning, but the police now have the matter well in hand. Several unidentified Chinamen by the name of Schmidt were slightly injured, but are doing as well as could be expected.

Ellerslie, Alta., Jan. 29.—Josie Hassenspeffer returned yesterday from a visit with friends in Edmonton.

Edmonton, Alta., Jan. 29.—Josie Hassenspeffer, who has been visiting with friends in Edmonton, has returned to her home in Ellerslie.

Bombay, India, Jan. 29.—Serious rioting broke out here at an early hour this morning, but the police now have the matter well in hand. Several unidentified Chinamen by the name of Jones were slightly injured, but are doing as well as could be expected.

University of Alberta, Jan. 29.—Serious rioting (in case of riot or wedding use Little Giant Shotgun—adv.) broke out here today as the Woman Haters' Edition of The Gateway appeared in the halls (how's that for getting in last-minute news?) Several unidentified Chinamen named McDermid were slightly injured, but are doing as well as could be expected.

Excavation was begun two weeks ago last Sunday afternoon, using tooth-picks, but this method proving too complicated those in charge of the work decided early Sunday evening to throw a Little Giant Steamshovel (Adv.) into the breach. The shovel just about filled it.

At 8:43 a.m. on Tuesday the first important discoveries were made. The exciting scene is somewhat inadequately described in the words of Arthur D. Bierwagen, President of the Students' Union (a man of few words anyway), who witnessed the whole thing while hurrying by on his way to an 8:30 lecture. "It was a wonderful sight," declared Mr. Bierwagen rapturously, "the barren waste stretched away on all sides. In front of me yawned a great chasm. And well it might yawn, it had been out there for two days. I was in a great hurry, for I feared I might be late for my 8:30 lecture, but my gaze was arrested by the strange activities going on below. (Note: Mr. Bierwagen himself was arrested later in the day, and both he and his gaze are being held without bail on suspicion of being implicated in a dastardly plot to poison the entire student body by introducing Athabasca Hall coffee into the drinking fountains.)

Score Two Goals in Overtime
Interviewed at a late hour last night, Prof. Rod "Hardrock" McDonald ascribed the utmost importance to the discoveries now being made. "Who can tell," he declared oratorically,

(Continued on Page Four)

Bierwagen Slays Cheering Mob With Sprightly Witticisms

CHEERING MOB SLAYS BIERWAGEN WITH AXE

The world moves on, and in its tortuous path carves for itself a monument of ever-increasing magnificence and splendour. Its wonders stand out in realistic design on every hand, a tribute to the creative genius of man. Its achievements, both beautiful and grotesque, mark the degree to which we have attained in that struggle for supremacy over the scheme of things. So does history come into being, and with it a conjecture of the future.

I SAW THIS WEEK

Doug McDermid, The Gateway's titian-haired prodigy, in a state of utter sobriety at the Undergrad, wondering what had become of his DKE pin.



Doug is at present on a temporary holiday from his onerous editorial work, and is spending his leisure hours reading "Father Abraham" in the hayloft of the Deke barn. It has been learned from an underhand source (McClung) that he is smoking cigarettes on the sly.

George Casper perusing a fragment of an ancient copy of The Gateway deep in the cloistered seclusion of a remote corner of the Arts basement.

William Epstein, essayist and philosopher, in front of Pembina after the Undergrad forsaking law for agromony in the ticklish expedient of gathering up Barley under his overcoat. Don't let it get in your undies, Willie!

We therefore conjecture that next Friday evening, February 1st, will become history in the annals of Medical Balls. Great has been the activity, in making this dance the most outstanding of this year's medical events. A local artist of no mean ability has been consulted in regard to interior decorating; Mel Hamill's orchestra, one of the most popular in the city, has been engaged; cook-books have been culled by local masters of the culinary art to flatter even the most exacting taste; and lastly, we have negotiated for a continuance of present weather conditions. Every cent invested in the dance is being spent with a scrutiny that will be the bane of future Med executives.

When you enter Athabasca Hall, next Friday evening, you will not recognize the place, so complete will be its rehabilitation. To you, the past will but remain a phantom dream. The clammy, cold feeling of mortal things will no longer pervade your waking hours. All will be sunshine, gaiety and romance; bathed in a flood of soft diffusing lights, which will rival even the most ingenious creations of the archfiend, Satan, himself. But more than that: no more will your feet stumble to the tune of earthly music; dancing will become an automatic response. Angels of Mercy will be there to guide your faltering footsteps.

Yes, Meds, Dents and Nurses: this is your dance. It is dedicated to you. Of all the dances in our calendar year, this one ranks high in the numerous dates that fill any co-ed's diary. She looks forward to this occasion with a fervent hope that once again she may

(Continued on Page Four)

OH, LOOK!

Big hockey game at Bennett Rink tonight at 8:00 p.m. Varsity Girls vs. Mutarts. Watch for notices re further games.

ANSWER TO PROBLEM

The Puritans in Lifeboat C together weigh more than the Puritans in Hand-car D. This sure makes it tough, so think nothing of it.

CAREFREE THROGS ENJOY UNDERGRAD



Friday night saw the culmination of the efforts of the Law Club to put on one of the most successful Undergrads in history. Literally hundreds of happy students spent a riotous evening at the affair, which was held in the sordid confines of Athabasca dining room. The above picture was snapped by a

Woman Haters' photographer when festivities were at their height. The affair was competently handled by Ed McCormick, who stood at the head of the receiving line charmingly attired in a suit of severe black, supplied by the Little Giant Masquerade Parlors—adv. The simplicity of the costume was

relieved by a touch of dirty white across the chest and fitting tightly around the neck like a horse collar. The simplicity of the crab-meat supper was not relieved by ice-cream.

"HEAVEN HELP THE POOR SAILORS ON A NIGHT LIKE TOMORROW AFTERNOON"

Today's Text Suggested by the Rev. Harry Lister

Tomorrow's Text Will Not be Suggested by Anybody



WOMAN HATER'S EDITION OF THE GATEWAY

The only University Newspaper Controlled and Operated
by the Woman Haters Club
The Worst Undergraduate Newspaper ever published by the
Woman Haters Club of the University of Alberta
Office, 151 Arts. Phone 32026

Private Exchange connecting all departments
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News Editor THE WOMAN HATERS
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Sports Editor THE WOMAN HATERS
Women's Editor Lawrence L. Alexander, S.D.D.W.H.*

BUSINESS STAFF
Business Manager THE WOMAN HATERS
Advertising Manager THE WOMAN HATERS
Circulation Manager THE WOMAN HATERS
Copy Boy Douglas McDermid

IF IT WILL HELP THE WOMEN THE WOMAN HATERS ARE AGAINST IT

*S.D.D.W.H.—Special Dishonourary Dissociate Woman Hater

THE PAST SITUATION

It is very regrettable that affairs have been allowed to reach this deplorable state. Yes, very regrettable. Week after week, month after month, year after year, day after day—so what?

And what has been the cause of this aforesaid deplorable state? Yes, what has been the cause? Who is there among us that does not know what has been the cause of this aforesaid deplorable state? Is there any here that does not? Quote, Breathes there a man with soul so dead, unquote.

This situation plainly calls for action. As, yes, for action. Are we to stand by stolidly and see things going from bad to worse? Is the duty of every clear thinking citizen to take an active interest in the affairs of society (this doesn't mean the Undergrad). Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party (this doesn't mean the Med Banquet). England expects every man to do his duty (this doesn't mean anything). It was Nelson who first spoke these noble words. There was a man! Now, if we could get Nelson on this situation. Why, if we could even get a half-Nelson on it!

But Nelson is no more. We have no one upon whom to be depend but ourselves. We must organize. We must be prepared to work together and put our shoulders to the wheel, or something. But most of all, we must fight! There's nothing like a good fight, I always say (I always say that). It puts pep into a fellow. Are we nice—or are we men? Are we going to allow ourselves to be trampled underfoot? Never! Things have reached the breaking point—the point at which we must fight it out, or be forever subservient to the evil thing which has crept into our midst.

Think nothing of it.

"Know the West," says the Telephone Post. The flatter the plate, the fewer the soup.

THE PRESENT SITUATION

Already the Woman Haters' Club have had four requests (names withheld by request) to remain as Editors of The Gateway until the end of the term. We have given this matter our serious consideration, but are forced to disappoint our many admirers by refusing. Our time and energy will be directed for the next few days to an investigation of the alleged graft in the Students' Union. It seems that the Treasurer is spending too much money on Tuck. The best we can do is to pass this word on to the regular staff, and hope that they will try to keep the standard up to that set by this edition. We do not, however, mind acting in an advisory capacity.

"Know the West," says the Telephone Post. People have more fun than anybody.

THE FUTURE SITUATION

The future of the university student is a thing which cannot be ignored, especially by the university student. The future, which is rapidly approaching, and which is practically upon us, must be faced. The university student is considered by the outsider to be a happy-go-lucky type of individual who sleeps in lectures and spends half his time lounging in the Varsity Tuck Shop. Anybody in the know knows that a Varsity student is a happy-go-lucky individual who never goes to any



First Woman-hater—Who was that lady I saw you with last night?

Second Misogynist—That was no lady; that was my wife.

Bierwagen—Is your wife entertaining this year?
Bierwagen—Not very.

Our Conundrum Section

When is a door not a door?—When it is ajar.
When does a man sneeze three times?—When he can't help it.

Which tree is most suggestive of kissing?—Yew (this is a riddle which should be used with due precaution in mixed company).

Three or four days ago Riley was observed going into a downtown restaurant. He sat down very deliberately at the counter next to Epstein, who was eating dinner. Presently a waiter appeared. "What will you have?" he asked. "I'll take a cup of coffee," replied Riley, after the necessary amount of concentration. "With or without?" enquired the waiter solicitously. "Yes, please," replied Riley and settled down to wait. While doing so he happened to glance at Epstein. A look of amazement crept over his face. "Say, Epstein," he exclaimed in awe, "what are you rubbing that salad in your hair for?" Epstein looked pained. "This isn't salad," he came right back, "it's mashed potatoes."
Use Little Giant Shampoo and Hair Restorer. On sale at all reputable hardware stores. (Advt.)

I smell a fragrant smell of spring,
I smell a gentle zephyr;
That's not the smell of spring you smell,
That's only yonder heifer.

For Men Only

It seems that one morning Mae West got up and upon opening the front door found that during the night someone had left three male babies on the porch. Not being used to infants, she was rather at a loss to know what to do. She called her maid and they took the babies inside, and fixed them comfortably on the chesfield. After a while they began to cry because they wanted something to eat.

"What can we give them?" said Miss West.

"I think I can find a bit of something," replied the maid, disappearing into the kitchen, and returning a few minutes later with a bowl full of a mash-up substance and overflowing with milk.

"That's an awful looking mixture. What is it?" said Mae.

"It's a cereal," said the maid, and will be
Continued next week

A Funny Dog

(Dogs supplied by the Little Giant Hamburger Co.)
Mildred is a bright little girl of six. The other day she was with her mother in the park when she saw a dog whose species was entirely new to her.

That evening she thus described the dog to her father:

"It was a such a funny dog, father; it looked about a dog and a half long, and only a half a dog high; and it only had four legs, but looked as if it ought to have six."

Needless to say, the rather recognized from her graphic description that Mildred had seen a dachshund.

(Editors Note: We have played a dirty trick on Stafford and Taylor by stealing this story from their Casserole for next week.)

This Week's Weak Weekes Joke

Contributed by Clarence Weekes

1st Co-ed—C.O.T.C?
2nd Co-ed—No, Militant Misogynists.

lectures and spends three quarters of his time in St. Joseph's Cafeteria sleeping or reading The Gateway (synonym for sleeping). Don't live in a fool's paradise with no thought for problems to come. Face it now! Save up three dollars and pay for your Year Book at the General Office on Feb. 11 and 12!

"Know the West," says the Telephone Post. If you haven't read the above article, you should.

TODAY'S PROBLEM

What is the problem of today? Overheating is the curse of modern civilization!

The Editors offer a box of Little Giant Rock Cakes, supplied by the Little Giantess Ready-Mixed Concrete Plant, House Ec. Lab., to the last person to think of solving this weighty problem.

It turns out that seven Puritans have to cross a very broad river valley. The travellers consist of seventeen women, twelve girls, six men and a boy. There are seven ferries attached to the river bank, four of them on the other side of the river, and two of them are sitting on the bottom of the river. None of the ferry boats will carry more

than one hundred and fifty, and Puritans don't like to ride with their backs to the engine.

Besides the passengers there are three sheep, two cows, and a dead seagull that one of the girls picked up in Santa Monica. They also have a bag of gold weighing 800 pounds, a bag of gold weighing 500 pounds, and a box of five Little Giant Rock Cakes weighing about a ton and a half.

Now if the seven Puritans are Woman Haters, and the women and girls don't like Rock Cakes, who dropped the dead seagull into the water when they were crossing over in the ferryboat?
(See answer on page 4.)

Answer to Problem

Gold is slightly heavier than iron, so that what goes up stays up if it's a

mountain climber and gets killed up there by a pterodactyl.

OH, LOOK!

Five days left in which to pay your class fees. Remember, unless your fees are paid your picture will not be put in the Year Book.

OH, LOOK!

The French Club will meet Wednesday, Jan. 30, in St. Joe's. What with the revival of Madelon and French 2 and French 51, students expressing their souls in the form of charades, this bids to be a bit of all right. Also, Brother Memoriam will give a short talk on customs and superstitions of the Canadien-Francais.



LIKES WOMEN

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—How long is this kind of going to go on, in short, to continue? The situation is crying out for a remedy (Nature's Remedy—adv.). but evidently our leaders are deaf (use Little Giant Mechanical Ears—adv.) as well as dumb. Mark my words (no marks off for spelling), no good will come of it.

Sincerely,
OLD SUBSCRIBER.

P.S.—In cold weather use Little Giant Mechanical Earmuffs—adv.

BEAUTIFUL CO-EDS (?)

University of Alberta,
January 26, 1935.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Since this issue of The Gateway is being prepared by the Woman Haters Club, I feel it may duty to write in defense of the fair sex and uphold their end.

What hypocrites men are! Take, for example, these so-called Woman Haters. They profess to have no need for women, either because of the usefulness or their companionship, yet these selfsame persons are continually noticed seeking the company of the beautiful co-eds.

Now, we wonder just how independent they could be. Could they exist in this highly civilized world for any length of time without the constant assistance of women? No doubt they would soon revert to the less exacting life of cavemen.

I have heard that these misogynists can make angel cake, so they might be able to struggle along on their own cooking. But one cannot eat angel cake for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Then, they could also do their own darning and mending, but, oh, the blistered heels!

Without women, they would lose one of their chief topics of conversation. How dull and uninteresting their bull-sessions would become.

We sincerely hope that we will be given a satisfactory explanation why they have chosen to call themselves by such a misnomer.

PEMBINA LUNATIC.

P.S.—Please excuse this long letter. I did not have time to write a short one.

MORE CORRESPONDENCE

POINTS WITH PRIDE

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—How long is this kind of thing going to continue? The situation is crying out (crying out done by Little Giant Publicity Bureau—adv.) for a solution (solutions furnished by Little Giant Chemical Co.—adv.), but evidently our leaders are deaf as well as dumb ("find your tongue" at the Little Giant Leather Works—adv.). Mark m' words (no relation to Mark M' Clung), no good will come of it.

Sincerely,
OLDER SUBSCRIBER.

POLICE COURT NEWS

Cheese it the Cops!

A charming raid was held in the University Sidic on Wednesday last, when Detectives Ed McCormick and Sadie Glutz arrested Mr. H. P. Brown and his associates for some indecent exposures. When asked if he was guilty (guilt supplied by the Little Giant Paint and Varnish Co.—adv.), Mr. Brown replied in the negative, and the remarks of the detectives were unprintable. Some interesting developments are expected in the near future.

Arthur Bierwagen, a vagrant, was fined the usual ten dollars and costs for speeding on the High Level Bridge on Monday evening. When questioned, Bierwagen stated that he was hurrying to the Students' Council meeting in St. Joseph's College Library last Friday.

On Tuesday afternoon Douglas McDermid and R. A. Brown, Jr., will be arrested for being accessories to the publication of subversive and obscene literature in the form of a so-called newspaper known as The Gateway. McDermid will plead insanity, and will of course be released. Brown will deny having anything to do with the whole business, swearing that he is only taking a correspondence course from his home in Calgary. This statement will be verified by several professors.

STILL MORE CORRESPONDENCE

A BOUQUET

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—How long is this thing going to continue? By the way, do you believe in marriage? After all, marriage is nothing more or less than an egg trick performed by a minister. He takes one yoke and two whites and turns them into a preserved peach and a piece of cheese. Think nothing of it. I don't think much of it myself. But as I was saying before I so rudely interrupted, the situation is crying out for a solution, but our leaders seem to be deaf as well as dumb. Mark my words, no good can come of it, and if it did I'd have nothing to write about.

Sincerely,
OLDEST SUBSCRIBER.

OH, LOOK!

The Senior Class Executive wish to announce that the Midwinter Dance will be held on Friday, Feb. 15th.



RIGHT DOWN YOUR ALLEY!

Cool, mild, mellow, satisfying! Yes, sir, and where quality is concerned, Turrets are "right down your alley". That's the truth and you can easily prove it yourself! Try Turrets today!

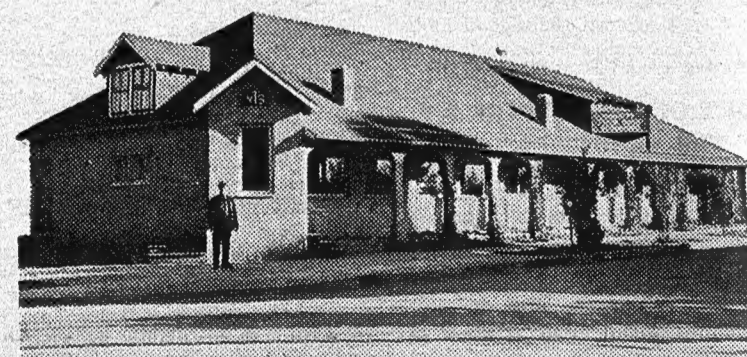


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IS FREE FOR STUDENT FUNCTIONS

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CHISELED FROM OUR OLD FILES

40 Years Ago Today

Frankie Jones this day reached the age of four years, three months and seventeen days.

The schooner "Flatbottom" was lost on Cooking Lake with all hands and feet. The insurance company is very sorry, and no efforts will be spared to avoid paying on the policy.

30 Years Ago Today

Frank Jones this day reached the age of fourteen years, three months and seventeen days.

The schooner "Flatbottom" was found in a second hand store on 97th Street. The insurance company would undoubtedly be very pleased if it had not gone bust eight years ago.

20 Years Ago Today

J. Francis Jones this day reached the age of twenty-four years, three months and seventeen days.

The schooner "Flatbottom" was burned in a huge conflagration last night. The neighbors said it smelled of fish, anyway.

Little Eddie McCormick held his first Pop Rally in the home of his parents. The young host was presented with a red necktie amidst much cheering and shouting (by McCormick).

The Woman Haters Club was organized with only one member. From such a small beginning grew this mighty organization.

There was a war or something along in here, too.

10 Years Ago Today

Mr. J. F. Jones this day reached the age of thirty-four years, three months and seventeen days.

R. A. Brown, Jr., was probably born about this time. He decided to try to be Business Manager of The Gateway. He is still trying.

The Woman Haters Club is coming on apace. Passing its tenth year without mishap (women), the club now has one member.

10 Years From Today

One of the Jones boys would this day have been fifty-four years, three

We will consider a limited number of selected students experienced in circulation work; will also consider experienced Team Captain for Trip-Around-the-World this summer. We represent all select National Publications of International appeal. For details write giving previous experience.
M. A. STEELE
5 Columbus Circle, New York

THE PERSPIRING REPORTER

The Woman Haters Club having increased in wisdom and stature to such great proportions (albeit a trifle distorted in proportion due to the addition of our special dishonourary dissociate member) The Gateway Perspiring Reporter decided to get some definite statements from a few of the thousands of admirers of this organization. Below are a few of the many replies received when the G.P.R. popped the fatal question: "What do YOU think of the Woman Haters Club and its members?"

Little Dougy McDermid, erstwhile Editor-in-chief of The Gateway: "I know very little about woman hating myself, of course (of course), but I think it is a very fine thing to have an organization on hand to put out The Gateway some week when I have to go to a lecture."

Guy Morton, Rugby hero: "The ideals of the Woman Haters Club are undoubtedly a very fine thing for its members—if they stick to them!"

Miss Florence Dodd, Dean of Women, University of Alberta: "I think the Woman Haters Club is just dandy."

The Telephone Post: "Know the West."

T. Z. McNab (TZWH): "It sometimes takes a lot of will power for me to be a real Woman Hater, but I manage."

Wyatt Hegler: "I don't see how these Woman Haters do it. I just couldn't get along without women myself."

months and seventeen days old if he hadn't died thirteen years ago.

Today is the tenth anniversary of the day upon which the Special Dishonourary Dissociate Member of the Woman Haters Club had to be disbanded for twitting in the halls. A sad end indeed.

DIXON'S BEST COLORED PENCILS, all colors 6 for 25c
VIEW BOOKS OF UNIVERSITY AND EDMONTON 25c each

There are still a few Pullover Sweaters left at \$2.50 each, and Toques at 60c each

UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

POT POURRI

Percival the Pettifogging Returns to Rant (How Are We Going to Pay the Rant?); Views on News; The Infernal Feminine; Coward and Brittle Dialogue; Youth Preserving Democracy for Something or Other; Luv.

By Percival Hodnut

'Neath the press of commercial activity, we have until now resisted a few efforts made to have us re-open this (the oldest) Gateway column. However, those quaint characters who are in charge of this issue of the paper have shown themselves no better guided in seeking copy than in becoming Woman Haters.

We were requested to present our latest Bright Thoughts—preferably stressing an anti-feministic inclination, if we had it; there are many things in our heart, but this inclination isn't one of them. Demmed sorry.

View of Indignant Subscriber

"They that live by the sordid shall perish by the sordid."

This re-hash of an old, somewhat different aphorism raises the curtain on one of our peevish for the week.

We take strong exception to the attitude of what is restrained and politely called The Press in the case of the State vs. Bruno Hauptmann.

True it is that there seems to be any amount of evidence to justify belief in Hauptmann's guilt. However, in an enlightened democracy, isn't it also true that even newspapers are supposed to consider that an accused is not guilty until judged so by the courts?

After all, the State's evidence may not be incontrovertible; mistakes have been made before in such matters. However strong the evidence seems to be against Bruno, this appears to us to be a fair enough demand—that the newspapers let the court do the judging, in the proper order of events.

Sewage You've Done, Jules

"A full garbage can means a happy people."

The Golden Book Magazine attributes this little item to Jules Martell. Jules is an advertising man, we are told, so it would do small good to expect anything more brilliant. Any local ash-man will tell you that a full garbage can is merely an indication that the owners burn gas instead of coal—hence cannot burn garbage.

Hah, heh. Another illusion gone, Julesy.

She's Gone West

"The days of the two dimension woman are past."

We never cared for pancake figures anyway. Always and always we agree with Lafcadio Hearn, whose view on the matter may be a trifle candid for this august pulp-product. Essentially, Mr. Hearn agreed with the Greeks in the matter of curves. So do we, as we have said.

This is not an invitation.

Quoth the Ravin, Never Moi

"We 'Toi' and 'Moi' And watch for 'Je ne sais quoi' Every time their fingers begin to clench—

Well, we know there's something fishy about the French!"

The Gateway feature writers used to say something about Noel Coward in each issue; we feel moved to revive the fashion, if only to rile someone—hence the above from "Conversation Piece."

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CO-ED COLUMNS

FOR WOMEN ONLY

Now, girls, in view of the recent Undergraduate Dance to which some of you may have been able to chisel bids, I think a friendly word of advice is in order. That the co-eds of this University should look with approval upon this iniquitous practice shocks me to the very fibres of my being! There is no phase of social life that contains so much hidden peril as that which relates to dancing. Pleasant and fascinating at first, it lures its victims to sacrifice after sacrifice until the end is reached. After years of house dances and formal, senior co-eds have been known to sink to such depths as to be seen in hamburger joints. There's nothing like a good hamburger with onions and lots of mustard!

There are plenty of uplifting ways to while away the idle hour, or the idle two hours. For instance, there is the following charming little game which could be played in Pembina on a rainy afternoon:

The players are seated around the room. One person pretends to whisper to each of the others in turn the name of a different animal. After naming them all, he must call out the name of some one animal, and the person having that name must run out at the door. Having given the whole company the name of horse, he calls horse, whereupon they all make a simultaneous rush for the door. A narrow door should be chosen, if possible.

So you see, girls, when we sit down and take stock of ourselves, it seems that the Woman Haters are right. We are just a bunch of lugs, aren't we? Women are beautiful and dumb, or else they aren't beautiful but still dumb. These are the facts stated in a brutal fashion, so think nothing of it.

CO-EDITOR.

THOUGHTS

Or ROMANCE IN THE PANTRY

With Marg Smith and an All-Star Cast

(Cast supplied by the Little Giant Plaster Company—advtd.)

ACT III

(The scene opens on a bare stage. The curtain falls on the bare head of one of the janitors. Cut. Retake.)

ACT II

(The curtain rises and falls rapidly several times to denote the passage of time. The curtain sticks on one side and time stands still. It is Monday.) Barbara Burns—I dreamt I was out driving with you last night? Don Allan (mysteriously)—Tell me about it.

Burns (dangerously)—I forgot the dream, but when I woke up I was walking in my sleep.

(Exit Burns and Allan.)

Little Bobby Brown (gently)—Is this God's Day, nurse? Lily North (nurse to you)—No, dear, this isn't God's Day.

(Exit Brown back to nursery.)

ACT II

(The scene is laid. The actors are laid. But it doesn't matter—we've got to wait for Bierwagen, and he's always laid. It is Wednesday.) Casper—Let's put out the lights and pretend we're in Heaven.

Baby Austin—I'm no angel.

George—Yeah, I know!

Audience—Yeah, we know.

Little Bobby Brown (gently)—Is this God's Day, nurse?

Lily North—No, dear, this isn't God's Day.

(Exit Brown back to nursery.)

ACT II

(Curtain rises to disclose Casper and his stooges struggling with the scenery. Curtain falls for period of four hours to denote passage of five minutes while Casper gets things straightened out. It is Friday, but the audience figure it must be nearly Wednesday again.)

Parker Kent (talking over phone)—How are you tonight?

Lois Whitby (answering over phone)—Lonely.

Kent (talking over phone)—Good and lonely?

Lois (answering over phone)—No, just lonely.

Kent—I'll be right over.

Little Bobby Brown (gently)—Is this God's Day, nurse?

Lily North—No, dear, this isn't God's Day.

(Exit Brown back to nursery.)

ACT IV

(A nursery. It is Sunday)

Little Bobby Brown—Is this God's Day, nurse?

Lily North—Yes, dear, this is God's Day.

Bobby—Then where the hell are the funny papers?

(Exeunt)

A Youth's Prayer

(Apologies to K.H. Brandon College)

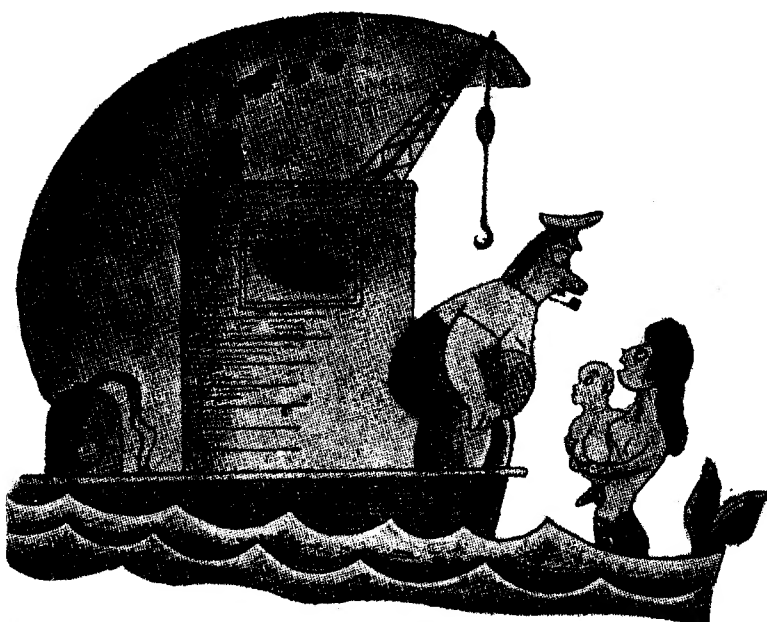
We pray thee, O Venus, purge the female mind from all conceit, Put far from her all feminine condescension when she accepts a date, Make her to realize her utter dependence on us. Favor with thy constant inspiration her attempts at humor, And for our sake may she refrain from that tottering pun, check that adolescent antic.

Stay her hand from that bottle of carmine nail-polish we implore thee, And let her consider our aesthetic sense as she chooses that abominable headgear.

Pour upon her thy wrath, should she neglect to powder her nose, O Venus. Guide her high heels from out our trouser cuffs And imbue her with discretion as she chooses to croon during an otherwise perfect waltz.

But above all, O Goddess of Love, think nothing of it.

OH, LOOK!



Have you a diver employed here by the name of McIntosh? —New Yorker.

THE THEATRES

STRAND THEATRE, Wed., Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 30, 31, Feb. 1—May Robson in "Grand Old Girl."

EMPRESS THEATRE, Thurs., Fri. and Sat., Jan. 31, Feb. 1, 2—James Gagney in "St. Louis Kid" and Ricardo Cortez in "Firebird."

PRINCESS THEATRE, Wed., Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 30, 31, Feb. 1—Warner Oland in "Charlie Chan's Courage" and Warner Baxter in "Grand Canary."

RIALTO THEATRE, now playing—"Broadway Bill," starring Warner Baxter, Myrna Loy, Walter Connolly and Helen Vinson.

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1. Do not miss too many lectures from the same professor, or you may get you face pushed in, detracting from your beauty.
2. The Pembinito or overtown co-ed who has no teeth should keep her trap shut.



3. The dull and uninteresting appearance caused by having a complexion as shown in the illustration may be easily avoided by wearing a mask.
4. Stretch! Bend! Leap about! Wear Little Giant Adjustable Waist Reducer (Advtd.).
5. It doesn't matter how much you pluck your eyebrows, you can't make a noise like a banjo.

POEM ABOUT NAN

In Angel Alley, Cockroach too, With stately step there paced A pure and holy female who Was really, truly chaste. The spots from her companion's souls She purged like an eraser, But since our lass met Jimmy S. The chaste's become the chaser.

FLATTERY FROM SLATTERY

We honor these guys O bdurate and wise Mockers of feminine charm A voiding the wiles, the Nods and the smiles

Hailing them sources of harm. Appending this warning That leads us to scorning Each co-ed's bright eyes and allure, "Resist, 'tis a snare, S in lurks in that stare."

"Caveat Emptor"—be sure. Love succeeds hate Upon nation and state. But such nature of change is infernal.

Ask this band to relent? Vain idea, repent! Eternal, their hate IS eternal.

—M. J. S.

"Know the West," says the Telephone Post. Skiv Edwards is a Tender Petal (advtd.).

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Woman Haters Double-Crossed By Advertiser

GOLDEN BEARS GO SOUTH

GOLDEN BEARS GO WEST Golden Bears Go Southwest

CALGARY, Jan. 29.—The latest Varsity basketball team grabbed off the wrong end of a game with the Calgary Printers Devils on Saturday. This make four games out of four, which shows that Varsity is nothing if not consistent. The only thing they won on the trip was \$3.27, which McIntyre picked up shooting craps on the train with a hard-looking citizen from Coronation.

Our boys held the Calgary team to a score of 33-26, which is not so bad when it is considered that this was the fourth game they had played in five days. The fifth night, we have it on good authority, was spent by Rostrup in Carstairs, renewing old acquaintances.

The Calgary crowd was forced to admit that the visitors showed real fight in their game against the Printers, and that their form had greatly improved since their appearance in Calgary against the Wildcats. Interest was maintained in the week-end clash from start to finish by the humorous remarks shouted from the audience. These witticisms seemed to be sources of great amusement to the shouters. The score was tied 15-15 at the interval and the bleachers were wild. Everybody was wild. First one team was ahead—then the other, then they were tied again. It was a great fight, folks! You should have been there. We should have been there too—it

would have been easier to do this write-up.

Anyway, it appears that only a great rally in the dying moments put the game on ice for the Calgarians. Here, before everyone had understood that it was basketball and not hockey, but that's what it said in the Journal.

The final result of the trip is that the Golden Bears are not now at the head of the league. The team standing is as follows:

Team Standings				
	W.	L.	F.	Pts.
Printers	2	0	80	52
Raymond	2	0	85	56
Lethbridge	1	1	62	60
Wildcats	1	1	66	71
Varsity	0	4	94	148

TO THE LADIES

Beware of woman, with her witching wile,
Adept at artifice, intrigue, replete with guile.
Gaze not upon her, though she seemeth fair,
Renounce the vision of her golden hair.
Look not into the deepness of her eyes
And see therein the turquoise of the skies.
Feel not the softness of her lips, her cheek,
Lest you, once strong, might suddenly be weak.
And in the madness of a fateful hour
Become the victim of her poisonous power.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF WOMAN HATERS

It seems a very opportune time, in view of the editorial staff of this issue, to announce to the world in general and to the faculty and student body of this our University, the establishment of the newest and in times to come, probably the most famous club on the campus. I refer naturally to the Society for the Prevention of Women Haters.

At the time that this article goes to press, there are three members. The President to set the example, the Secretary to note any violations, and the Treasurer to collect any funds that the public are willing to contribute. Seeing that none of these offices are absolutely necessary, it is very probable that one or more of the members will be dispensed with, as in the writer's opinion, the others are in danger of slipping.

The club has now two purposes. First, to hate today, tomorrow and for eternity the following persons, who, though very retiring, may have met some of you. These gentlemen, shall we call them such, are T.W.H., T.O.W.H. and T.Z.W.H. They have already signified that they hate us worse than we hate them, but we wish to inform all the world that our hate is supreme.

The second purpose of the club is to foster bigger and better dates for the campus in general and for the members in particular. To this end we advocate the establishment of a date bureau, which has already shown its worth at McGill.

Although the purposes of the club have been settled on, the rules have yet to be drawn up, as so far no rule has been able to fit any two members; in fact, we are constantly uncovering some hidden affair in their lives, and until these are cleaned up the public must remain in ignorance of the rules and await the next bulletin of the club.

THE SECRETARY.

GOLDEN BEARS GO NORTH

GOLDEN BEARS GO WEST Golden Bears Go Northwest

A remarkably fast brand of hockey was turned in Friday night by the Gateway Grizzlies when they clashed with the Professors' team at Varsity Rink. Bob Cruickshank, with his usual style that makes him one of the senior team stars, broke through all the Professors' defences, including an old log left across the goal by Mr. Cornish, to score a fast goal early in the first period. Later he snaked one in through a hole in the back of the net to increase the Grizzly total to two goals.

Another Gateway luminary was Ferguson, who was the high scoring player of the game, having put the puck in the goal twice and poked Brother

Treat her with coolness and a slight disdain,
Refuse to act the yearning love-sick swain.
Show her at last the facts of Nature's plan
That woman needs must be o'erruled by man.

Tear down in shreds that subtle female veil
That's meant to lure the unsuspecting male.
Laugh at her claim of which they always prate
Of equal rights and woman's social state.

Heed not her temper or embittered cries,
View without qualm the tear-drop in her eyes,
And in this way she may perhaps be taught
That those who run both ways are never caught.

And that I think is probably enough.
Men, do your part and always treat 'em rough.

TEE WEE.

OH, LOOK!

She passed
I saw
And smiled
In answer
To my smile.
I wonder
If she too
Could know
Her lingerie
Hung down
A mile.—The Ubysey.

SPORTING SLANTS

The Profs taking the Grizzlies to the cleaners just proves to us that if the Professors had been the Grizzlies the Grizzlies would have won.

De—Don't your stockings seem rather wrinkled?
She—You brute! I'm not wearing any.

MCCORMICK RETICENT

(Continued from Page One)

"who can tell?" he resumed, and seemed at a loss for a word. "Well, anyway," he finished up, "they are undoubtedly of the utmost importance." Unfortunately that eminent geological authority and card sharp, Prof. Hugh "Balmy" Beach, was absent from the city this year and could not be reached even by short-wave radio. Had it been possible to communicate with him he would undoubtedly have been unable to make some enlightening comments on the situation.

Warmer Weather in Sight
The important finds which are being dug out of the pit are being stored for the time being in the basement of the power plant (in order, as the caretaker informed The Gateway reporter, that they will not have to be moved again when it becomes necessary to burn them). The prize of the whole collection to date is a pair of rather large blackish objects faintly reminiscent of a pair of oblong packing-cases. They are largely built of cloth which has apparently been kept from decaying during its long burial by the low temperature of the surrounding snow. Some discussion has been raised as to the use to which these strange objects may have been put by the members of the earlier civilization which is now known to have inhabited this region before the ice-age. The early suggestion that they may have been some primitive form of footwear is not worthy of consideration on account of their ridiculous size, and it is thought more likely they were employed as some kind of light boat by a water transportation company. The discovery of an almost obliterated inscription in one of them reading, "Property of the C.O.T.C.," lends weight to this latter theory, these letters being interpreted as meaning Canadian Ocean Transport Company. The engines by which they were propelled have not yet been uncovered.

COUGHLIN'S

The Capitol Beauty Parlors

Edmonton's Oldest and Largest Permanent Waving Staff

Philip three times in the ribs with the end of his stick.

The Grizzlies fully deserved this game, which they undoubtedly would have won had it not been for the five goals scored by the professors.

Battling Ward Porteous sat on the bench for the Professors, ably assisting them by his hearty cheers and raucous yells. Several times during the more heated moments of the game, he was heard to mutter "Touchdown!" in an audible voice. In the picture can be seen the scars of battle which our hero got during the fracas. He got several silvers in his face from sleeping on the bench with his feet in the air.

PLAYBOY PORTEOUS



HOCKEY HERO

LESS ABOUT BIERWAGEN DEMISED

(Continued from Page One)

be counted among those present. Don't disappoint her, because in honoring her, you are also heaping a little glory on your own head.

If you were present at the last Med Club meeting and saw the Third Year skit, you could not help but realize that they are a going concern. The Third Year Med Class propose to give you something entirely different in the way of entertainment than has hitherto been tried on this campus. So if you would be pleasantly surprised, get your tickets now from your class representative or executive. There are only a limited number of tickets to be sold, so be sure and get in with the crowd.

See you at the Med Ball, Friday, Feb. 1.

GOLDEN BEARS GO EAST

GOLDEN BEARS GO WEST Golden Bears Stay Home

Flitting and fluttering her way gracefully over the courts as she occasionally took a swing at the bird, Barbara Jarman out-galoped Peggy Aitken to win the University Badminton championship, 11-5, 13-12, some time Sunday night somewhere over in Athabasca. It was a welcome victory for Barbara (Miss Jarman to you and Jack Thompson), because it seems or has been rumored that some time or other Peggy beat Barbara for some championship or other, or maybe it was a boy friend. Anyway both Barbara and Peggy will be members of the team which will represent our Alma Mater in the provincial championship play this year, God bless them.

Playing far into the night another championship was won by those two campus heroes, Fraser "Chesty" Mitchell and Harry "Oswald" Cooper, who by dint of superior numbers beat down a defiant challenge put up to them by Guy "Pussyfoot" Morton and "Angel" Crawford, 15-12, 12-15, 15-8 in the men's doubles.

Starring again in the men's singles, Fraser "Slippery" Mitchell and Harry "Reginald" Cooper somehow or other made their way into the finals. Mitchell skipped his way into this sad state by defeating Guy "One-Yard" Morton 18-16, 15-9, in a hard fought match.—(Ed. note: Mitchell denies this and says, quote, it was a pushover, unquote)—while "Percy" Cooper used sleight of hand shots to beat Bob "Man-

Killer" Adamson 15-2, 11-15, 15-12. Adamson looked his best in the first set and had Cooper on the run, but "Oscar" was keeping score.

Two new figures shone in the mixed doubles (you should have seen them in shorts) when Barbara "Fatty" Jarman and Peggy "Fatty" Aitken teamed up respectively with hitherto unknown kampus killers Fraser "Punch-Drunk" Mitchell and Harry "Red" (fooled you) Cooper to get into the finals.

The finals in the unfinished events will be played early this week, and the full team which will play in the provincial tournament will be chosen.

Results of Monday's Play

Ladies' Singles
Jarman def. Evans 11-6, 11-9.
Aitken def. Smith 11-6, 11-9.
Jarman def. Aitken 11-5, 13-12 (final).

Men's Doubles
Mitchell-Cooper def. Tyso-Toby 15-9, 15-9.
Morton-Crawford def. Hurlburt-Adamson, 15-9, 8-15, 15-10.
Mitchell-Cooper def. Morton-Crawford 15-9, 15-9 (final).

Mixed Doubles
Mitchell-Aitken def. Hurlburt-Evans 8-15, 15-6, 15-8.
Cooper-Jarman def. Crawford-Smith 15-10, 15-10.

Men's Singles
Mitchell def. Morton 18-16, 15-9.
Cooper def. Adamson 15-2, 11-15, 15-12.

"Know the West," says the Telegraph Post. Never believe a woman who says "No" with her eyes shut.

If it will help the women, the Woman Haters are against it.

Easy to Win— Easy to Smoke!

Once an art student named Timothy Teazy found himself both shortwinded and wheezy
Till, wise man, he turned back
To his Buckingham pack

YOU FILL IN THE LAST LINE!

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You'll find it easy to write a last line for this Limerick if you first light up a smooth, mild, throat-easy Buckingham. Take a long drag. Then get your pencil out—send in your last line today!

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Smoke
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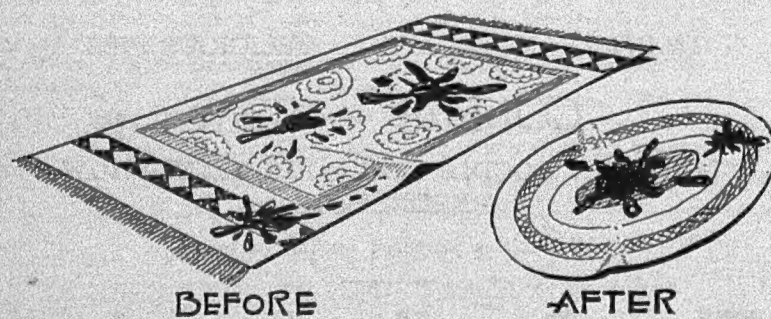
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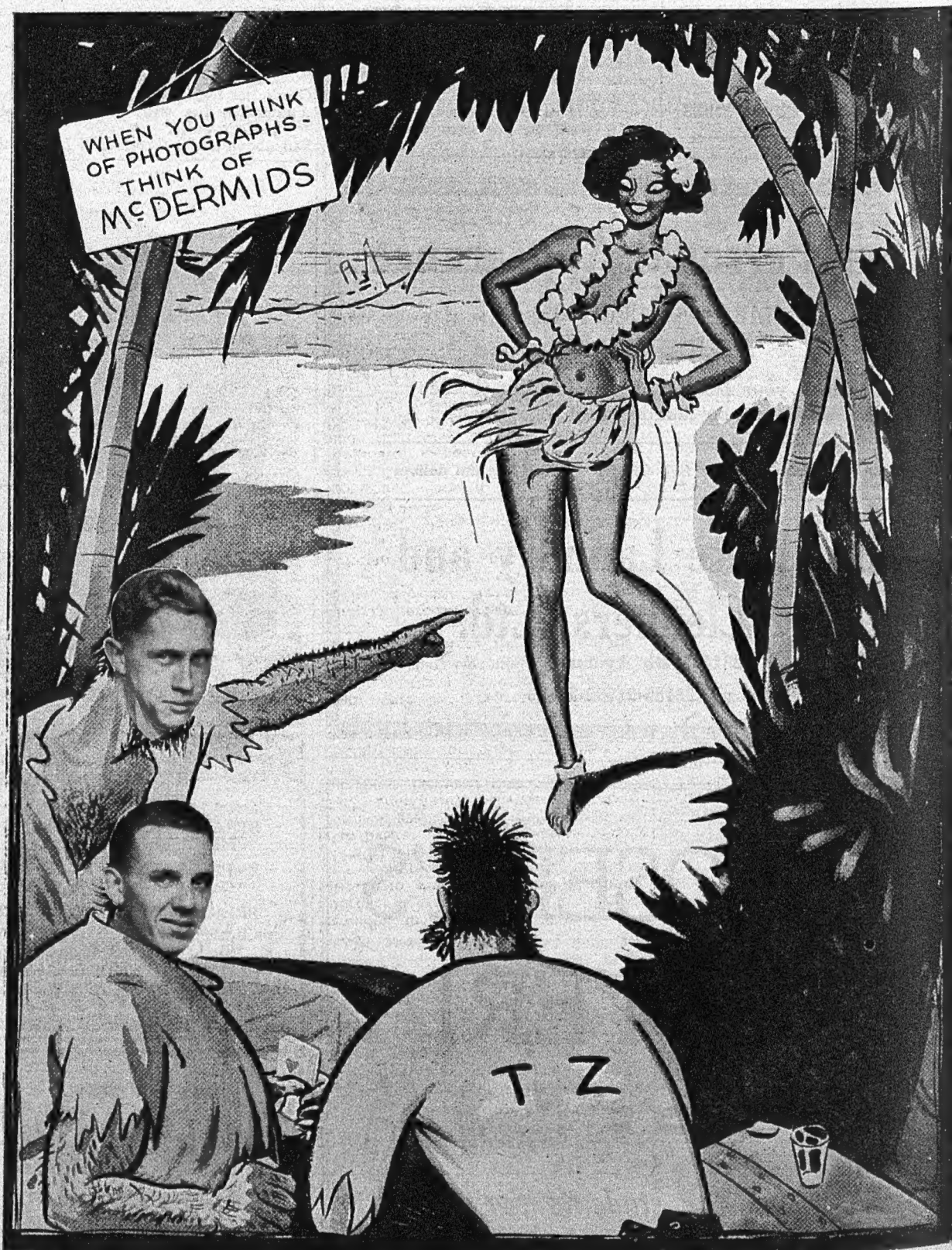
What Makes My Mackerel Fillets So Good?



Buy a New Rug With the Money You Save—
You'll Need to

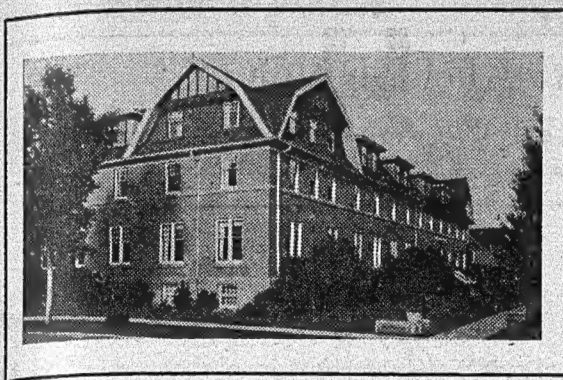
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Love Divine All Loves Excelling



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This advertisement is not inserted by the Board of Governors or by the Woman Haters Club of the University of Alberta.



The Gateway

CANADA'S OTHER GREAT NEWSPAPER



VOL. XXV, No. 28.

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, TUESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1935

FOUR PAGES

GREEN AND GOLD WHOOPERS SICK ON TRAIN

Report to the General Meeting of the S.M.M. Concerning the Female of the Species

This monumental work undertaken by the S.M.M. in the interests, and for the betterment, of the homo generis (male), which was undertaken some years ago, has now come to successful conclusion. We trust that our findings may be of some small value to the downtrodden and misunderstood race (male), who for the many years in which authenticated data concerning the above topic was not available, suffered in silence the predatory invasions of the opposite sex. The successful conclusion to such a work can best be expressed in the words of our esteemed President, who, due to the high feeling of pride and achievement in our tremendous enterprise, says:

We used to wonder long ago,
The S.M.M. and I,
We used to wonder long ago
If girls could be for aught but show
We pondered gravely, now we know,
The S.M.M. and I.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE 1

ON THE LEGEND OF THEIR FATAL BEAUTY.

We started strong, but now we're faint,
Committee 1, and I,
We started strong, but now we're faint,
We're smothered in a world of paint,
At last we've found their good looks
Committee 1, and I.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE 2

ON THE REMOTE POSSIBILITY OF THEM POSSESSING BRAINS, RATHER THAN INSTINCT.

We sit in silence while they prate,
Committee 2, and I,
We sit in silence while they prate
And all their feeble woes relate,
Their brains, alas, we must berate,
Committee 2, and I.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE 3

ON THE ORIGIN OF THE QUEER PROTECTIVE INSTINCT OF THE UNWARY MALE.

We suffer them their clinging ways,
Committee 3, and I,
We suffer them their clinging ways,
We've found it's not Dame Fashion's craze,
But that their minds are in a daze,
Committee 3, and I.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE 4

ON THEIR ADAPTABILITY TO BE TRAINED TO SIMPLE TASKS.

We know they're useful in a pinch,
Committee 4, and I,
We know they're useful in a pinch,

And washing dishes is a cinch,
So now we trust them to the ginch,
Committee 4, and I.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE 5

ON THE COST OF THEIR ALL-CONSUMING VANITY.

This topic nearly made us swoon,
Committee 5, and I,
This topic nearly made us swoon,
The cost, if stacked in gold doubloon,
Would, we've found, just reach the moon,
Committee 5, and I.

CONCLUSIONS DRAWN

BY THE GENERAL MEETING FROM THE COMMITTEE REPORTS.

We've found that Woman's views are bloated,
The S.M.M. and I,
We've found that Woman's views are bloated,
That on themselves they sweetly doted,
At this point we frankly gloated,
The S.M.M. and I.



Did the announcement of a dance ever before cause such agitation in college halls? Have college heroes ever paid such marked attention to the fair sex, and have said fair ones ever before been quite so superior? Due to the isolation problem, we are thinking of installing invitation booths in obtrusive spots, for the convenience of any timid fair ones.

Fred Brooks was seen hurriedly making an appointment with the hair-

Med Bawl To Be Brilliant Social Event

AN INVITATION

The Woman Haters Club extends an invitation to the regular Gateway staff to put out any or all of the remaining issues of The Gateway single-handed. Applications should be turned in to the Woman Haters Office before or after Jan. 30, 1935. All applications should be clearly printed on standard telegraph forms and burned.

OH, LOOK!

Brothers, this is an occasion unprecedented in my experience. I have summoned together this noble fraternity of the Purple Pansies to see what can be done about the outrage to be perpetrated by the female sex on Saturday evening next. What's that, Brother Tennant? Have I been asked to go? Pipe down!

You, gentlemen, are you going to let a daughter of Eve call for you, pay for you, take you home and even, if she feels so inclined, make amorous advances.

Brethren, when I think of it, my inner soul revolts. I have so got an inner soul, Morris—shut up!

Was it for this our glorious forefathers fought four-score years ago?—or any other time for that matter.

Will you come decked out in all your splendors and sit wistfully hoping someone will have compassion on you and lead your inanimate form into the maze of sufferers. ("Water, please!") Will you straggle up and down the "dog" line, praying that a female will take you?

Pansies! Where is your spirit? Are you going to the ignominy of having to please your partner, to curry favor?

Will you spend your evening thinking of something scintillating to say when your partner asks rather heavily, "Oh, dance, uh?" Or when your fourth partner (if you're lucky) asks you with that little original touch, "Howdylike thorchestra?"

"Women, my noble pansies, are but children of a larger growth." (Say, Tennant, English 2 does come in handy.)

It is their duty to radiate when we are moody—to wait at least twenty-five minutes to be called for, wondering if we have had a flat tire or got stuck—with the slot machine. It is fortunately not our privilege.

Comrades of the Purple Pansies, the situation is dangerous and touchy—we should refuse to—(me on the phone? Thanks.)

Sorry to keep you waiting, fellows—What's that? oh, yes, Brother Tennant, you wanted to know if I was going to the Spinster Ball. Well, ha-ha, yes, I am—nice girl, too—m-m, yes.

Comrades, on second thoughts, we might enjoy ourselves without sacrificing our principles—a least I mean to—ah, my yes—ha—decidedly so.

dresser in order to avoid the rush.

On Friday, Jan. 25, Dr. Kerby opened his series of lectures on "Progress of Living" by a short but interesting address delivered to the assembled Commercial and High School students.

A suggestion has been submitted by Hanen that head-rests be provided for the members of the 8-30 History class. We doubt if the innovation would meet with Mr. Burchill's approval.

Mac Jones was heard to announce in relieved tones that he had received his invitation to the Spinster Dance, but feared his troubles would begin after he arrived.

"Butch" Lannin and Bernie Kelly were earnestly discussing the relative merits of perfume as a means of attracting partners, when a harassed maiden walked by fervently praying, "Please, God, don't let him be a wall-flower."

A Collegiate League hockey fixture at Crystal on Wednesday, Jan. 23, saw Mount Royal defeat the Strathcona's Horse team 7-5. Royals took the lead late in the period, after Strathcona had scored twice, and held it for the rest of the game. Scoring for the winners was done by Souter, with five goals and an assist, Hanen with a goal and three assists, and Miller with one goal. Scorers for Straths were McDonald, with two goals, and Schultz, Moore and Low with one each.

There has been a marked increase in enthusiasm for basketball during the past week, when Mount Royal teams have played several exciting games. Of the two taking place in the college gym, the girls, handicapped with no substitutes, lost the first to the Normal girls 41-13, while our men's team triumphed in the second battle with a score of 42-31, although the Normal marksmen stole the show with a remarkable precision on long shots.

Excitement also ran high on Thursday evening, when Mount Royal Men's Basketball team went down to defeat 25-16 to Technical, playing at Tech. At half-time Mount Royal had built up a lead of 13-6, but in the last quarter Tech played a much stronger game, checking M.R.C. heavily at every turn, and piling up a large score for themselves. Stevenson as forward put up a good fight for the losers, and Lyons was a strong defense man. Baskets were fairly evenly distributed between all players.

In evidence. Many salty tears watered his shallow grave, flowing there from the swollen eyes of the mourners, Lily, Doc and Secord. His body was quickly lowered to the tune of the funeral march, led by the trusty Dutchy. "Lay a garland on his hearse, Of the daisied yew; Maidens, willow branches bear, Say he died true."

P.T. UNVEILED

Having heard tales of strange happenings within that neglected precinct, the gymnasium, we scribe ventured to search out the said building with a view to laying before the world the facts of the case. After some difficulty the door was found, but here the way was barred until the proper password, courtesy of the Oyl Detective Agency, had been given.

The scene which met my eyes brought to mind the tales of hidden cults who practise their rites away from the vulgar gaze. As the obscurity became less dense I perceived a species of idol in the centre of the floor, and about which stood a group of strangely attired individuals. I later learned that this deity possesses the odd name of "Gymnasium Horse."

Suddenly the door flew open and one who was evidently the high priest entered, and before his bold figure and commanding voice the lesser votaries fell back until they formed a line at the end of the hall. Then followed the exorcising of spirits. In single file the assembly moved round the hall, their arms extended to the sides and gently undulating, their feet moving to that rhythm known to little girls at school as "hop-and-skip." I could not forbear some expression of mirth at this procedure, but my merriment condensed into cold sobriety before the stern glance of the high priest. Indeed, I thought I recognized in him some similarity to the stern and noble Brutus.

And now the action changed with startling swiftness. Still in single file, the actors rushed upon the idol, stamped their feet, and leaping high in the air, hurled themselves head foremost over it upon a sort of mat evidently provided for this purpose. As their fervor heightened, their actions became correspondingly more frantic. One, who bore a striking resemblance to Mr. Stewart, stood upon his head on the crest of the idol, while his legs and body performed the most amazing convolutions imaginable. Upon this his fellows loosed a cry of exaltation, and redoubled their efforts. Another, clad in white shoes and snow-white pants, and who immediately called to my mind Mr. Bowden, spurred on by emulation, threw himself upon his chest and kicked his heels in the air. As I wondered at the dexterity with which they avoided injury, Brother Bennet, who had appeared among the worshippers, o'erleaped his goal and crashed upon the floor. Fortunately he managed to fall upon his head and so avoided serious hurt.

But a still more violent rite was to follow. Two powerful members of the brotherhood, who had appeared to be on the friendliest of terms, were chosen and ranged themselves on opposite sides of the mat. Hideous frowns wreathed their brows, their bodies dropped into a crouching position, and without warning they rushed upon one another. The shock hurled me from my feet, and when I had sufficiently regained my composure

Bierwagen Slays Cheering Mob With Sprightly Witticisms

CHEERING MOB SLAYS BIERWAGEN WITH AXE

The world moves on, and in its tortuous path carves for itself a monument of ever-increasing magnificence and splendour. Its wonders stand out in realistic design on every hand, a tribute to the creative genius of man. Its achievements, both beautiful and grotesque, mark the degree to which we have attained in that struggle for supremacy over the scheme of things. So does history come into being, and with it a conjecture of the future.

I SAW THIS WEEK

Doug McDermid, The Gateway's titian-haired prodigy, in a state of utter sobriety at the Undergrad, wondering what had become of his DKE pin.



Doug is at present on a temporary holiday from his onerous editorial work, and is spending his leisure hours reading "Father Abraham" in the hayloft of the Dike barn. It has been learned from an underhand source (McClung) that he is smoking cigarettes on the sly.

George Casper perusing a fragment of an ancient copy of The Gateway deep in the cloistered seclusion of a remote corner of the Arts basement.

William Epstein, essayist and philosopher, in front of Pembina after the Undergrad forsaking law for agronomy in the ticklish expedient of gathering up Barley under his overcoat. Don't let it get in your undies, Willie!

We therefore conjecture that next Friday evening, February 1st, will become history in the annals of Medical Balls. Great has been the activity, in making this dance the most outstanding of this year's medical events. A local artist of no mean ability has been consulted in regard to interior decorating; Mel Hamill's orchestra, one of the most popular in the city, has been engaged; cook-books have been culled by local masters of the culinary art to flatter even the most exacting taste; and lastly, we have negotiated for a continuance of present weather conditions. Every cent invested in the dance is being spent with a scrutiny that will be the bane of future Med executives.

When you enter Athabasca Hall, next Friday evening, you will not recognize the place, so complete will be its rehabilitation. To you, the past will remain a phantom dream. The clammy, cold feeling of mortal things will no longer pervade your waking hours. All will be sunshine, gaiety and romance; bathed in a flood of soft diffusing lights, which will rival even the most ingenious creations of the archfiend, Satan, himself. But more than that: no more will your feet stumble to the tune of earthly music; dancing will become an automatic response. Angels of Mercy will be there to guide your faltering footsteps.

Yes, Meds, Dents and Nurses: this is your dance. It is dedicated to you. Of all the dances in our calendar year, this one ranks high in the numerous dates that fill any co-ed's diary. She looks forward to this occasion with a fervent hope that once again she may

(Continued on Page Four)

OH, LOOK!

Big hockey game at Bennett Rink tonight at 8:00 p.m. Varsity Girls vs. Mutants. Watch for notices re further games.

ANSWER TO PROBLEM

The Puritans in Lifeboat C together weigh more than the Puritans in Handcar D. This sure makes it tough, so think nothing of it.

"I Have Nothing to Say" Is Statement of McCormick

"I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY," IS STATEMENT OF MCCORMICK

Two Heds Are Better Than One

What was life like in the Jurassic period? What was life like in the Pre-Cambrian period? What is life like Athabasca Hall? Researches now being carried on by the Department of Invertebrate Palaeontology (jellyfish to you) in the extensive ice-fields in front of the Arts Building are expected to yield results which will probably amaze even the trained minds of the Geology Department, who are used to being amazed anyway. Excavation was begun two weeks

ago last Sunday afternoon, using toothpicks, but this method proving too complicated those in charge of the work decided early Sunday evening to throw a Little Giant Steamshovel (Adv't.) in to the breach. The shovel just about filled it.

At 8:43 a.m. on Tuesday the first important discoveries were made. The exciting scene is somewhat inadequately described in the words of Arthur D. Bierwagen, President of the Students' Union (a man of few words anyway), who witnessed the whole thing while hurrying by on his way to an 8:30 lecture. "It was a wonderful sight," declared Mr. Bierwagen rapturously, "the barren waste stretched away on

to ask the names of the two struggling behemoths, I was amazed to learn they were none other than Jones and Edwards.

By this time my enthusiasm was fully aroused, and upon my earnestly desiring it, I was permitted to join them, receiving as my badge of membership a fine stiff neck. Others wishing to join in these ceremonies will be permitted to enter the sanctuary each Friday afternoon after 2:10.

all sides. In front of me yawned a great chasm. And well it might yawn, it had been out there for two days. I was in a great hurry, for I feared I might be late for my 8:30 lecture, but my gaze was arrested by the strange activities going on below. (Note: Mr. Bierwagen himself was arrested later in the day, and both he and his gaze are being held without bail on suspicion of being implicated in a dastardly plot to poison the entire student body by introducing Athabasca Hall coffee into the drinking fountains.)

Score Two Goals in Overtime

Interviewed at a late hour last night, Prof. Rod "Hardrock" McDonald ascribed the utmost importance to the discoveries now being made. "Who can tell," he declaimed oratorically,

(Continued on Page Four)

OH, LOOK!

Leduc, Alta., Jan. 29.—Ezra Corn-tassel's cow had twin calves here this morning. Both mother and children are doing as well as could be expected.

Mt. Royal Students' Council Uncovers Awful Scandal

As the final examinations are not far distant, the little boys and girls who compose our Students' Council have decided to hold their gatherings during noon hours and spare periods. As they have only been meeting for four months, we congratulate them on the rapidity with which they solve their difficulties.

Last Wednesday noon a meeting was held with practically all members present. Morris was absent, but there was still practically a full attendance. It is generally believed that our elongated vice-president will cease to be an important figure at Council meetings, as thirty minutes is entirely inadequate for him to fill his abdominal cavity (a beautiful little obituary appears elsewhere in this issue).

Brooks called the meeting to order. Tennant announced that he had prepared a financial report! Proceedings were interrupted from the shock. There are various opinions as to whether Tennant read the report or not. Some maintain that he was quoting "Paradise Lost," while others are resolute in their claims that he did read a few figures. However, such words as he did enunciate certainly never got past his mouth-tache! (Ain't it terrible to have a "hare-lip," Secord?)

Brooks reported that Gateway collections were poor, and stated in a tone of deepest despair that something must be done about it. Someone said, "Why not drop The Gateway?" But Oberholzer rose to the occasion by delivering a flowery oration, the context of which was that the college tradition must be upheld, that no educational institution should be without a newspaper, and that if Mount Royalists failed to support The Gateway their ancient reputation for school spirit would be dirt for evermore. He continued that if the paper pulls through this year it will not be so difficult a proposition next year. As a matter of fact, Oberholzer wants something to read next year when he makes another stab at Chem. 40.

When Brooks came out of the daze he revealed that he was fairly success-

ful in his collections from the male population, but that he couldn't get close enough to the girls to even suggest a little contribution. (A fund has been started to purchase for Brooks a copy of Dorothy Dix's latest masterpiece, "How to be a Social Success.") Much further argument ensued, but the one-thirty bell suddenly vacated the Council chairs, leaving much yet to be accomplished.

OBITUARY

The students of Mount Royal College wish to express their deep sympathy on the sad passing of their popular fellow-student, Charles Edward Morris, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Morris, of 308 Roxborough Road. Mr. Morris entered the kingdom of the blessed on January 22, 1935, at 8:28 p.m. His sad and timely death was occasioned by shock sustained on the fatal day when Mr. Jones arrived at History class at 8:27 p.m.

Popularly called Paddy on account of because he was born in Ireland some twelve years ago, he had risen to a prodigious height in his short and snappy lifetime. In spite of his tender years he had usurped the attributes of manhood, and invariably doffed his collegiate bonnet to all the fair sex with whom he encountered.

Mr. Morris always took an active part in all college activities, dazzling everyone with his great display of patriotism. In this field none could surpass, or even equal him. The first to buy the charming Christmas cards, he managed also to head the list of Gateway supporters, in spite of the general enthusiasm and rush to subscribe.

Owing to the great difficulty experienced in securing a coffin of sufficient length to accommodate him, Mr. Hunter generously manufactured one out of the many piles of apple boxes found in the library.

His grieving soul was soothed by the large floral offering laid on his bier. They consisted mainly of lilies and pansies. Gringoes were also much

"HEAVEN HELP THE POOR SAILORS ON A NIGHT LIKE TOMORROW AFTERNOON"

Today's Text Suggested by the Rev. Harry Lister

Tomorrow's Text Will Not be Suggested by Anybody



WOMAN HATER'S EDITION OF THE GATEWAY

The only University Newspaper Controlled and Operated
by the Woman Haters Club

The Worst Undergraduate Newspaper ever published by the
Woman Haters Club of the University of Alberta

Office, 151 Arts. Phone 32026

Private Exchange connecting all departments

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News Editor THE WOMAN HATERS
Feature Editor THE WOMAN HATERS
Sports Editor THE WOMAN HATERS
Women's Editor Lawrence L. Alexander, S.D.D.W.H.*

BUSINESS STAFF

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Advertising Manager THE WOMAN HATERS
Circulation Manager THE WOMAN HATERS
Copy Boy Douglas McDermid

IF IT WILL HELP THE WOMEN
THE WOMAN HATERS ARE AGAINST IT

*S.D.D.W.H.—Special Dishonourary Dissociate Woman Hater

THE PAST SITUATION

It is very regrettable that affairs have been allowed to reach this deplorable state. Yes, very regrettable. Week after week, month after month, year after year, day after day—so what?

And what has been the cause of this aforesaid deplorable state? Yes, what has been the cause? Who is there among us that does not know what has been the cause of this aforesaid deplorable state? Is there any here that does not? Quote, Breathes there a man with soul so dead, unquote.

This situation plainly calls for action. As, yes, for action. Are we to stand by stolidly and see things going from bad to worse? Is the duty of every clear thinking citizen to take an active interest in the affairs of society (this doesn't mean the Undergrad). Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party (this doesn't mean the Med Banquet). England expects every man to do his duty (this doesn't mean anything). It was Nelson who first spoke these noble words. There was a man! Now, if we could get Nelson on this situation. Why, if we could even get a half-Nelson on it!

But Nelson is no more. We have no one upon whom to depend but ourselves. We must organize. We must be prepared to work together and put our shoulders to the wheel, or something. But most of all, we must fight! There's nothing like a good fight, I always say (I always say that). It puts pep into a fellow. Are we mice—or are we men? Are we going to allow ourselves to be trampled underfoot? Never! Things have reached the breaking point—the point at which we must fight it out, or be forever subservient to the evil thing which has crept into our midst.

Think nothing of it.

"Know the West," says the Telephone Post. The flatter the plate, the fewer the soup.

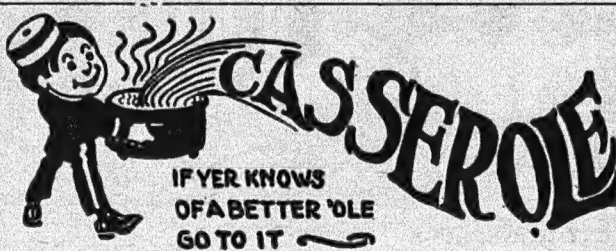
THE PRESENT SITUATION

Already the Woman Haters' Club have had four requests (names withheld by request) to remain as Editors of The Gateway until the end of the term. We have given this matter our serious consideration, but are forced to disappoint our many admirers by refusing. Our time and energy will be directed for the next few days to an investigation of the alleged graft in the Students' Union. It seems that the Treasurer is spending too much money on Tuck. The best we can do is to pass this word on to the regular staff, and hope that they will try to keep the standard up to that set by this edition. We do not, however, mind acting in an advisory capacity.

"Know the West," says the Telephone Post. People have more fun than anybody.

THE FUTURE SITUATION

The future of the university student is a thing which cannot be ignored, especially by the university student. The future, which is rapidly approaching, and which is practically upon us, must be faced. The university student is considered by the outsider to be a happy-go-lucky type of individual who sleeps in lectures and spends half his time lounging in the Varsity Tuck Shop. Anybody in the know knows that a Varsity student is a happy-go-lucky individual who never goes to any



First Woman-hater—Who was that lady I saw you with last night?

Second Misogynist—That was no lady; that was my wife.

Bierwagen—Is you wife entertaining this year?
Bierwagen—Not very.

Our Conundrum Section

When is a door not a door?—When it is ajar.
When does a man sneeze three times?—When he can't help it.

Which tree is most suggestive of kissing?—Yew (this is a riddle which should be used with due precaution in mixed company).

Three or four days ago Riley was observed going into a downtown restaurant. He sat down very deliberately at the counter next to Epstein, who was eating dinner. Presently a waiter appeared. "What will you have?" he asked. "I'll take a cup of coffee," replied Riley, after the necessary amount of concentration. "With or without?" enquired the waiter solicitously. "Yes, please," replied Riley and settled down to wait. While doing so he happened to glance at Epstein. A look of amazement crept over his face. "Say, Epstein," he exclaimed in awe, "what are you rubbing that salad in your hair for?" Epstein looked pained. "This isn't salad," he came right back, "it's mashed potatoes."

Use Little Giant Shampoo and Hair Restorer. On sale at all disreputable hardware stores. (Advt.)

I smell a fragrant smell of spring,
I smell a gentle zephyr;
That's not the smell of spring you smell,
That's only yonder heifer.

For Men Only

It seems that one morning Mae West got up and upon opening the front door found that during the night someone had left three male babies on the porch. Not being used to infants, she was rather at a loss to know what to do. She called her maid and they took the babies inside, and fixed them comfortably on the chesterfield. After a while they began to cry because they wanted something to eat.

"What can we give them?" said Miss West.
"I think I can find a bit of something," replied the maid, disappearing into the kitchen, and returning a few minutes later with a bowl full of a mash-up substance and overflowing with milk.

"That's an awful looking mixture. What is it?" said Mae.

"It's a cereal," said the maid, and will be Continued next week

A Funny Dog

(Dogs supplied by the Little Giant Hamburger Co.)
Mildred is a bright little girl of six. The other day she was with her mother in the park when she saw a dog whose species was entirely new to her.

That evening she thus described the dog to her father:

"It was a such a funny dog, father; it looked about a dog and a half long, and only a half a dog high; and it only had four legs, but looked as if it ought to have six."

Needless to say, the rather recognized from her graphic description that Mildred had seen a dachshund.

(Editors Note: We have played a dirty trick on Stafford and Taylor by stealing this story from their Casserole for next week.)

This Week's Weak Weekes Joke

Contributed by Clarence Weekes
1st Co-ed—C.O.T.C?
2nd Co-ed—No, Militant Misogynists.

lectures and spends three quarters of his time in St. Joseph's Cafeteria sleeping or reading The Gateway (synonym for sleeping). Don't live in a fool's paradise with no thought for problems to come. Face it now! Save up three dollars and pay for your Year Book at the General Office on Feb. 11 and 12!

"Know the West," says the Telephone Post. If you haven't read the above article, you should.

TODAY'S PROBLEM

What is the problem of today? Overheating is the curse of modern civilization!

The Editors offer a box of Little Giant Rock Cakes, supplied by the Little Giantess Ready-Mixed Concrete Plant, House Ec. Lab., to the last person to think of solving this weighty problem.

It turns out that seven Puritans have to cross a very broad river valley. The travellers consist of seventeen women, twelve girls, six men and a boy. There are seven ferries attached to the river bank, four of them on the other side of the river, and two of them are sitting on the bottom of the river. None of the ferry boats will carry more

than one hundred and fifty, and Puritans don't like to ride with their backs to the engine.

Besides the passengers there are three sheep, two cows, and a dead seagull that one of the girls picked up in Santa Monica. They also have a bag of gold weighing 800 pounds, a bag of gold weighing 500 pounds, and a box of five Little Giant Rock Cakes weighing about a ton and a half.

Now if the seven Puritans are Woman Haters, and the women and girls don't like Rock Cakes, who dropped the dead seagull into the water when they were crossing over in the ferryboat?

(See answer on page 4.)
Answer to Problem
Gold is slightly heavier than iron, so that what goes up stays up if it's a

mountain climber and gets killed up there by a pterodactyl.

OH, LOOK!

Five days left in which to pay your class fees. Remember, unless your fees are paid your picture will not be put in the Year Book.

OH, LOOK!

The French Club will meet Wednesday, Jan. 30, in St. Joe's. What with the revival of Madelon and French 2 and French 51, students expressing their souls in the form of charades, this bids to be a bit of all right. Also, Brother Memoriam will give a short talk on customs and superstitions of the Canadian-Français.



LIKES WOMEN

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—How long is this kind of going to go on, in short, to continue? The situation is crying out for a remedy (Nature's Remedy—adv.). but evidently our leaders are deaf (use Little Giant Mechanical Ears—adv.) as well as dumb. Mark my words (no marks off for spelling), no good will come of it.

Sincerely,
OLD SUBSCRIBER.

P.S.—In cold weather use Little Giant Mechanical Ear-muffs—adv.

BEAUTIFUL CO-EDS (?)

University of Alberta,
January 26, 1935.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Since this issue of The Gateway is being prepared by the Woman Haters Club, I feel it may duty to write in defense of the fair sex and uphold their end.

What hypocrites men are! Take, for example, these so-called Woman Haters. They profess to have no need for women, either because of the usefulness or their companionship, yet these selfsame persons are continually noticed seeking the company of the beautiful co-eds.

Now, we wonder just how independent they could be. Could they exist in this highly civilized world for any length of time without the constant assistance of women? No doubt they would soon revert to the less exacting life of cavern.

I have heard that these misogynists can make angel cake, so they might be able to struggle along on their own cooking. But one cannot eat angel cake for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Then, they could also do their own darning and mending, but, oh, the blistered heels!

Without women, they would lose one of their chief topics of conversation. How dull and uninteresting their bull-sessions would become.

We sincerely hope that we will be given a satisfactory explanation why they have chosen to call themselves by such a misnomer.

PEMBINA LUNATIC.

P.S.—Please excuse this long letter. I did not have time to write a short one.

MORE CORRESPONDENCE

POINTS WITH PRIDE

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—How long is this kind of thing going to continue? The situation is crying out (crying out done by Little Giant Publicity Bureau—adv.) for a solution (solutions furnished by Little Giant Chemical Co.—adv.), but evidently our leaders are deaf as well as dumb ("find your tongue" at the Little Giant Leather Works—adv.). Mark m' words (no relation to Mark M' Clung), no good will come of it.

Sincerely,
OLDER SUBSCRIBER.

POLICE COURT NEWS

Cheese it the Cops!

A charming raid was held in the University Studio on Wednesday last, when Detectives Ed McCormick and Sadie Glutz arrested Mr. H. P. Brown and his associates for some indecent exposures. When asked if he was guilty (guilt supplied by the Little Giant Paint and Varnish Co.—adv.), Mr. Brown replied in the negative, and the remarks of the detectives were unprintable. Some interesting developments are expected in the near future.

Arthur Bierwagen, a vagrant, was fined the usual ten dollars and costs for speeding on the High Level Bridge on Monday evening. When questioned, Bierwagen stated that he was hurrying to the Students' Council meeting in St. Joseph's College Library last Friday.

On Tuesday afternoon Douglas McDermid and R. A. Brown, Jr., will be arrested for being accessories to the publication of subversive and obscene literature in the form of a so-called newspaper known as The Gateway. McDermid will plead insanity, and will of course be released. Brown will deny having anything to do with the whole business, swearing that he is only taking a correspondence course from his home in Calgary. This statement will be verified by several professors.

STILL MORE CORRESPONDENCE

A BOUQUET

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—How long is this thing going to continue? By the way, do you believe in marriage? After all, marriage is nothing more or less than an egg trick performed by a minister. He takes one yoke and two whites and turns them into a preserved peach and a piece of cheese. Think nothing of it. I don't think much of it myself. But as I was saying before I so rudely interrupted, the situation is crying out for a solution, but our leaders seem to be deaf as well as dumb. Mark my words, no good can come of it, and if it did I'd have nothing to write about.

Sincerely,
OLDEST SUBSCRIBER.

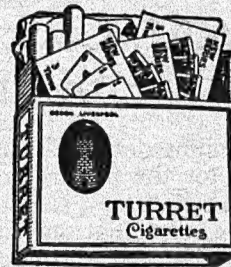
OH, LOOK!

The Senior Class Executive wish to announce that the Midwinter Dance will be held on Friday, Feb. 15th.



RIGHT DOWN YOUR ALLEY!

Cool, mild, mellow, satisfying! Yes, sir, and where quality is concerned, Turrets are "right down your alley". That's the truth and you can easily prove it yourself! Try Turrets today!

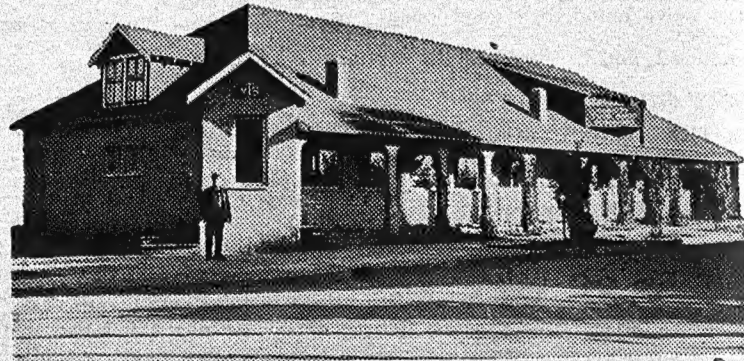


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CHISELED FROM OUR OLD FILES

40 Years Ago Today

Frankie Jones this day reached the age of four years, three months and seventeen days.

The schooner "Flatbottom" was lost on Cooking Lake with all hands and feet. The insurance company is very sorry, and no efforts will be spared to avoid paying on the policy.

30 Years Ago Today

Frank Jones this day reached the age of fourteen years, three months and seventeen days.

The schooner "Flatbottom" was found in a second hand store on 97th Street. The insurance company would undoubtedly be very pleased if it had not gone bust eight years ago.

20 Years Ago Today

J. Francis Jones this day reached the age of twenty-four years, three months and seventeen days.

The schooner "Flatbottom" was burned in a huge conflagration last night. The neighbors said it smelled of fish, anyway.

Little Eddie McCormick held his first Pep Rally in the home of his parents. The young host was presented with a red necktie amidst much cheering and shouting (by McCormick).

The Woman Haters Club was organized with only one member. From such a small beginning grew this mighty organization.

There was a war or something along in here, too.

10 Years Ago Today

Mr. J. F. Jones this day reached the age of thirty-four years, three months and seventeen days.

R. A. Brown, Jr., was probably born about this time. He decided to try to be Business Manager of The Gateway. He is still trying.

The Woman Haters Club is coming on apace. Passing its tenth year without mishap (women), the club now has one member.

10 Years From Today

One of the Jones boys would this day have been fifty-four years, three

We will consider a limited number of selected students experienced in circulation work; will also consider experienced Team Captain for Trip-Around-the-World this summer. We represent all select National Publications of International appeal. For details write giving previous experience.

M. A. STEELE
5 Columbus Circle, New York

THE PERSPIRING REPORTER

The Woman Haters Club having increased in wisdom and stature to such great proportions (albeit a trifle distorted in proportion due to the addition of our special dishonourary dissociate member) The Gateway Perspiring Reporter decided to get some definite statements from a few of the thousands of admirers of this organization. Below are a few of the many replies received when the G.P.R. popped the fatal question: "What do YOU think of the Woman Haters Club and its members?"

Little Dougy McDermid, erstwhile Editor-in-chief of The Gateway: "I know very little about woman hating myself, of course (of course), but I think it is a very fine thing to have an organization on hand to put out The Gateway some week when I have to go to a lecture."

Guy Morton, Rugby hero: "The ideals of the Woman Haters Club are undoubtedly a very fine thing for its members—if they stick to them!"

Miss Florence Dudd, Dean of Women, University of Alberta: "I think the Woman Haters Club is just dandy."

The Telephone Post: "Know the West."

T. Z. McNab (TZWH): "It sometimes takes a lot of will power for me to be a real Woman Hater, but I manage."

Wyatt Hegler: "I don't see how these Woman Haters do it. I just couldn't get along without women myself."

months and seventeen days old if he hadn't died thirteen years ago.

Today is the tenth anniversary of the day upon which the Special Dishonourary Dissociate Member of the Woman Haters Club had to be disbanded for twiddling in the halls. A sad end indeed.

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POT POURRI

Percival the Pettifogging Returns to Rant (How Are We Going to Pay the Rant?); Views on News; The Infernal Feminine; Coward and Brittle Dialogue; Youth Preserving Democracy for Something or Other; Luv.

By Percival Hodnut

'Neath the press of commercial activity, we have until now resisted a few efforts made to have us re-open this (the oldest) Gateway column. However, those quaint characters who are in charge of this issue of the paper have shown themselves no better guided in seeking copy than in becoming Woman Haters.

We were requested to present our latest Bright Thoughts—preferably stressing an anti-feministic inclination, if we had it; there are many things in our heart, but this inclination isn't one of them. Demmed sorry.

View of Indignant Subscriber

"They that live by the sordid shall perish by the sordid."

This re-hash of an old, somewhat different aphorism raises the curtain on one of our peevish for the week.

We take strong exception to the attitude of what is restrained and politely called The Press in the case of the State vs. Bruno Hauptmann.

True it is that there seems to be any amount of evidence to justify belief in Hauptmann's guilt. However, in an enlightened democracy, isn't it also true that even newspapers are supposed to consider that an accused is not guilty until judged so by the courts?

After all, the State's evidence may not be incontrovertible; mistakes have been made before in such matters. However strong the evidence seems to be against Bruno, this appears to us to be a fair enough demand—that the newspapers let the court do the judging, in the proper order of events.

Sewage You've Done, Jules

"A full garbage can means a happy people."

The Golden Book Magazine attributes this little item to Jules Martell. Jules is an advertising man, we are told, so it would do small good to expect anything more brilliant. Any local ash-man will tell you that a full garbage can is merely an indication that the owners burn gas instead of coal—hence cannot burn garbage.

Heh, heh. Another illusion gone, Jules.

She's Gone West

"The days of the two dimension woman are past."

We never cared for pancake figures anyway. Always and always we agree with Lafcadio Hearn, whose view on the matter may be a trifle candid for this august pulp-product. Essentially, Mr. Hearn agreed with the Greeks in the matter of curves. So do we, as we have said.

This is not an invitation.

Quoth the Ravin, Never Moi

"We 'Toi' and 'Moi,' And watch for 'Je ne sais quoi.' Every time their fingers begin to clench—

Well, we know there's something fishy about the French!"

The Gateway feature writers used to say something about Noel Coward in each issue; we feel moved to revive the fashion, if only to rile someone—hence the above from "Conversation Piece."

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CO-ED COLUMNS

FOR WOMEN ONLY

Now, girls, in view of the recent Undergraduate Dance to which some of you may have been able to chisel bids, I think a friendly word of advice is in order. That the co-eds of this University should look with approval upon this iniquitous practice shocks me to the very fibres of my being! There is no phase of social life that contains so much hidden peril as that which relates to dancing. Pleasant and fascinating at first, it lures its victims to sacrifice after sacrifice until the end is reached. After years of house dances and formal, senior co-eds have been known to sink to such depths as to be seen in hamburger joints. There's nothing like a good hamburger with onions and lots of mustard!

There are plenty of uplifting ways to while away the idle hour, or the idle two hours. For instance, there is the following charming little game which could be played in Pembina on a rainy afternoon:

The players are seated around the room. One person pretends to whisper to each of the others in turn the name of a different animal. After naming them all, he must call out the name of some one animal, and the person having that name must run out at the door. Having given the whole company the name of horse, he calls horse, whereupon they all make a simultaneous rush for the door. A narrow door should be chosen, if possible.

So you see, girls, when we sit down and take stock of ourselves, it seems that the Woman Haters are right. We are just a bunch of lugs, aren't we? Women are beautiful and dumb, or else they aren't beautiful but still dumb. These are the facts stated in a brutal fashion, so think nothing of it.

CO-EDITOR.

THOUGHTS

Or ROMANCE IN THE PANTRY

With Marg Smith and an All-Star Cast

(Cast supplied by the Little Giant Plaster Company—adv.)

ACT III.

(The scene opens on a bare stage. The curtain falls on the bare head of one of the janitors. Cut. Retake.)

ACT II.

(The curtain rises and falls rapidly several times to denote the passage of time. The curtain sticks on one side and time stands still. It is Monday.)

Barbara Burns—I dreamt I was out driving with you last night?

Don Allan (mysteriously)—Tell me about it.

Burns (dangerously)—I forget the dream, but when I woke up I was walking in my sleep.

(Exit Burns and Allan.)

Little Bobby Brown (gently)—Is this God's Day, nurse?

Lily North (nurse to you)—No, dear, this isn't God's Day.

(Exit Brown back to nursery.)

ACT II.

(The scene is laid. The actors are laid. But it doesn't matter—we've got to wait for Bierwagen, and he's always laid. It is Wednesday.)

Casper—Let's put out the lights and pretend we're in Heaven.

Baby Austin—I'm no angel.

George—Yeah, I know!

Audience—Yeah, we know.

Little Bobby Brown (gently)—Is this God's Day, nurse?

Lily North—No, dear, this isn't God's Day.

(Exit Brown back to nursery.)

ACT II.

(Curtain rises to disclose Casper and his stooges struggling with the scenery. Curtain falls for period of four hours to denote passage of five minutes while Casper gets things straightened out. It is Friday, but the audience figure it must be nearly Wednesday again.)

Parker Kent (talking over phone)—How are you tonight?

Lois Whitby (answering over phone)—Lonely.

Kent (talking over phone)—Good and lonely?

Lois (answering over phone)—No, just lonely.

Kent—I'll be right over.

Little Bobby Brown (gently)—Is this God's Day, nurse?

Lily North—No, dear, this isn't God's Day.

(Exit Brown back to nursery.)

ACT IV.

(A nursery. It is Sunday)

Little Bobby Brown—Is this God's Day, nurse?

Lily North—Yes, dear, this is God's Day.

Bobby—Then where the hell are the funny papers?

(Exeunt)

A Youth's Prayer

(Apologies to K.H., Brandon College)

We pray thee, O Venus, purge the female mind from all conceit,

Put far from her all feminine condescension when she accepts a date,

Make her to realize her utter dependence on us.

Favor with thy constant inspiration her attempts at humor,

And for our sake may she refrain from that tottering pun, check that adolescent antic.

Stay her hand from that bottle of carmine nail-polish we implore thee,

And let her consider our aesthetic sense as she chooses that abominable headgear.

Pour upon her thy wrath, should she neglect to powder her nose, O Venus.

Guide her high heels from out our trouser cuffs

And imbue her with discretion as she chooses to croon during an otherwise perfect walk.

But above all, O Goddess of Love, think nothing of it.

OH, LOOK!



Have you a diver employed here by the name of McIntosh?
—New Yorker.

THE THEATRES

STRAND THEATRE, Wed., Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 30, 31, Feb. 1—May Robson in "Grand Old Girl."

EMPRESS THEATRE, Thurs., Fri. and Sat., Jan. 31, Feb. 1, 2—James Gagney in "St. Louis Kid" and Ricardo Cortez in "Firebird."

PRINCESS THEATRE, Wed., Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 30, 31, Feb. 1—Warner Oland in "Charlie Chan's Courage" and Warner Baxter in "Grand Canary."

RIALTO THEATRE, now playing—"Broadway Bill," starring Warner Baxter, Myrna Loy, Walter Connolly and Helen Vinson.

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BEAUTY HINTS

1. Do not miss too many lectures from the same professor, or you may get you face pushed in, detracting from your beauty.
2. The Pembinito or overtown co-ed who has no teeth should keep her trap shut.



3. The dull and uninteresting appearance caused by having a complexion as shown in the illustration may be easily avoided by wearing a mask.
4. Stretch! Bend! Leap about! Wear Little Giant Adjustable Waist Reducer (Adv.).
5. It doesn't matter how much you pluck your eyebrows, you can't make a noise like a banjo.

POEM ABOUT NAN

In Angel Alley, Cockroach too,
With stately step there paced
A pure and holy female who
Was really, truly chaste.
The spots from her companion's souls
She purged like an eraser.
But since our lass met Jimmy S.
The chaste's become the chaser.

FLATTERY FROM SLATTERY

We honor these guys
Obdurate and wise
Mockers of feminine charm
A voiding the wiles, the
Nods and the smiles

Hailing them sources of harm.
Appending this warning
That leads us to scorning
Each co-ed's bright eyes and allure,
"Resist, 'tis a snare,
S in lurks in that stare."

"Caveat Emptor"—be sure.
Love succeeds hate
Upon nation and state.
But such nature of change is infernal.

Ask this band to relent?

Vain idea, repent!

Eternal, their hate IS eternal.

—M. J. S.

"Know the West," says the Telephone Post. Skiv Edwards is a Tender Petal (adv.).

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"CHARLIE CHAN'S
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GOLDEN BEARS GO SOUTH

GOLDEN BEARS GO WEST

Golden Bears Go Southwest

CALGARY, Jan. 29.—The latest Varsity basketball team grabbed off the wrong end of a game with the Calgary Printers Devils on Saturday. This makes four games out of four, which shows that Varsity is nothing if not consistent. The only thing they won on the trip was \$3.27, which McIntyre picked up shooting craps on the train with a hard-looking citizen from Corvallis.

Our boys held the Calgary team to a score of 33-26, which is not so bad when it is considered that this was the fourth game they had played in five days. The fifth night, we have it on good authority, was spent by Rostrup in Carstairs, renewing old acquaintances.

The Calgary crowd was forced to admit that the visitors showed real fight in their game against the Printers, and that their form had greatly improved since their appearance in Calgary against the Wildcats. Interest was maintained in the week-end clash from start to finish by the humorous remarks shouted from the audience. These witticisms seemed to be sources of great amusement to the shouters. The score was tied 15-all at the interval and the bleachers were wild. Everybody was wild. First one team was ahead—then the other, then they were tied again. It was a great fight, folks! You should have been there. We should have been there too—it

would have been easier to do this write-up.

Anyway, it appears that only a great rally in the dying moments put the game on ice for the Calgarians. Heretofore everyone had understood that it was basketball and not hockey, but that's what it said in the Journal. The final result of the trip is that the Golden Bears are not now at the head of the league. The team standing is as follows:

Team Standings	W.	L.	F.	A.	Pts.
Printers	2	0	80	52	4
Raymond	2	0	85	56	4
Lethbridge	1	1	62	60	2
Wildcats	1	1	66	71	2
Varsity	0	4	94	148	0

TO THE LADIES

Beware of woman, with her witching wile,
Adept at artifice, intrigue, replete with guile.
Gaze not upon her, though she seemeth fair,
Renounce the vision of her golden hair.
Look not into the deepness of her eyes
And see therein the turquoise of the skies.
Feel not the softness of her lips, her cheek,
Lest you, once strong, might suddenly be weak,
And in the madness of a fateful hour
Become the victim of her poisonous power.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF WOMAN HATERS

It seems a very opportune time, in view of the editorial staff of this issue, to announce to the world in general and to the faculty and student body of this our University, the establishment of the newest and in times to come, probably the most famous club on the campus. I refer naturally to the Society for the Prevention of Women Haters.

At the time that this article goes to press, there are three members. The President to set the example, the Secretary to note any violations, and the Treasurer to collect any funds that the public are willing to contribute. Seeing that none of these offices are absolutely necessary, it is very probable that one or more of the members will be dispensed with, as in the writer's opinion, the others are in danger of slipping.

The club has now two purposes. First, to hate today, tomorrow and for eternity the following persons, who, though very retiring, may have met some of you. These gentlemen, shall we call them such, are T.W.H., T.O.W.H. and T.Z.W.H. They have already signified that they hate us worse than we hate them, but we wish to inform all the world that our hate is supreme.

The second purpose of the club is to foster bigger and better dates for the campus in general and for the members in particular. To this end we advocate the establishment of a date bureau, which has already shown its worth at McGill.

Although the purposes of the club have been settled on, the rules have yet to be drawn up, as so far no rule has been able to fit any two members; in fact, we are constantly uncovering some hidden affair in their lives, and until these are cleaned up the public must remain in ignorance of the rules and await the next bulletin of the club. THE SECRETARY.

GOLDEN BEARS GO NORTH

GOLDEN BEARS GO WEST

Golden Bears Go Northwest

A remarkably fast brand of hockey was turned in Friday night by the Gateway Grizzlies when they clashed with the Professors' team at Varsity Rink. Bob Cruickshank, with his usual style that makes him one of the senior team stars, broke through all the Professors' defences, including an old log left across the goal by Mr. Cornish, to score a fast goal early in the first period. Later he snaked one in through a hole in the back of the net to increase the Grizzly total to two goals.

Another Gateway luminary was Ferguson, who was the high scoring player of the game, having put the puck in the goal twice and poked Brother

Treat her with coolness and a slight disdain,
Refuse to act the yearning love-sick swain.
Show her at last the facts of Nature's plan
That woman needs must be o'erruled by man.

Tear down in shreds that subtle female veil
That's meant to lure the unsuspecting male.
Laugh at her claim of which they always prate
Of equal rights and woman's social state.

Heed not her temper or embittered cries,
View without qualm the tear-drop in her eyes,
And in this way she may perhaps be taught
That those who run both ways are never caught.

And that I think is probably enough.
Men, do your part and always treat 'em rough.

TEE WEE.

OH, LOOK!

She passed
I saw
And smiled
In answer
To my smile.
I wonder
If she too
Could know
Her lingerie
Hung down
A mile.—The Ubyseey.

SPORTING SLANTS

The Profs taking the Grizzlies to the cleaners just proves to us that if the Professors had been the Grizzlies the Grizzlies would have won.

De—Don't your stockings seem rather wrinkled?
She—You brute! I'm not wearing any.

MCCORMICK RETICENT

(Continued from Page One)

"who can tell?" he resumed, and seemed at a loss for a word. "Well, anyway," he finished up, "they are undoubtedly of the utmost importance." Unfortunately that eminent geological authority and card sharp, Prof. Hugh "Balmey" Beach, was absent from the city this year and could not be reached even by short-wave radio. Had it been possible to communicate with him he would undoubtedly have been unable to make some enlightening comments on the situation.

Warmer Weather in Sight
The important finds which are being dug out of the pit are being stored for the time being in the basement of the power plant (in order, as the caretaker informed The Gateway reporter, that they will not have to be moved again when it becomes necessary to burn them). The prize of the whole collection to date is a pair of rather large blackish objects faintly reminiscent of a pair of oblong packing-cases. They are largely built of cloth which has apparently been kept from decaying during its long burial by the low temperature of the surrounding snow. Some discussion has been raised as to the use to which these strange objects may have been put by the members of the earlier civilization which is now known to have inhabited this region before the ice-age. The early suggestion that they may have been some primitive form of footwear is not worthy of consideration on account of their ridiculous size, and it is thought more likely they were employed as some kind of light boat by a water transportation company. The discovery of an almost obliterated inscription in one of them reading, "Property of the C.O.T.C.," lends weight to this latter theory, these letters being interpreted as meaning Canadian Ocean Transport Company. The engines by which they were propelled have not yet been uncovered.

COUGHLIN'S

The Capitol Beauty Parlors

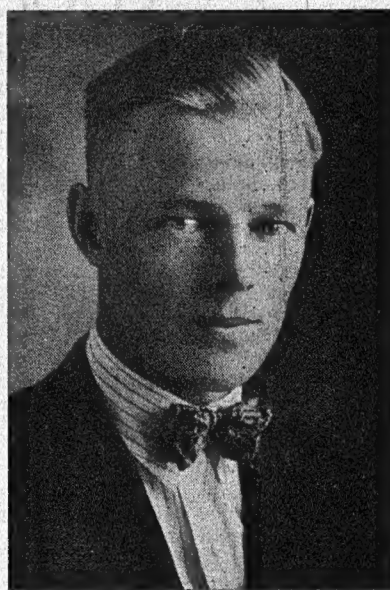
Edmonton's Oldest and Largest Permanent Waving Staff

Philip three times in the ribs with the end of his stick.

The Grizzlies fully deserved this game, which they undoubtedly would have won had it not been for the five goals scored by the professors.

Battling Ward Porteous sat on the bench for the Professors, ably assisting them by his hearty cheers and raucous yells. Several times during the more heated moments of the game, he was heard to mutter "Touchdown!" in an audible voice. In the picture can be seen the scars of battle which our hero got during the fracas. He got several slivers in his face from sleeping on the bench with his feet in the air.

PLAYBOY PORTEOUS



HOCKEY HERO

LESS ABOUT BIERWAGEN DEMISED

(Continued from Page One)

be counted among those present. Don't disappoint her, because in honoring her, you are also heaping a little glory on your own head.

If you were present at the last Med Club meeting and saw the Third Year skit, you could not help but realize that they are a going concern. The Third Year Med Class propose to give you something entirely different in the way of entertainment than has hitherto been tried on this campus. So if you would be pleasantly surprised, get your tickets now from your class representative or executive. There are only a limited number of tickets to be sold, so be sure and get in with the crowd.

See you at the Med Ball, Friday, Feb. 1.

GOLDEN BEARS GO EAST

GOLDEN BEARS GO WEST

Golden Bears Stay Home

Flitting and fluttering her way gracefully over the courts as she occasionally took a swing at the bird, Barbara Jarman out-galoped Peggy Aitken to win the University Badminton championship, 11-5, 13-12, some time Sunday night somewhere over in Athabasca. It was a welcome victory for Barbara (Miss Jarman to you and Jack Thompson), because it seems or has been rumored that some time or other Peggy beat Barbara for some championship or other, or maybe it was a boy friend. Anyway both Barbara and Peggy will be members of the team which will represent our Alma Mater in the provincial championship play this year, God bless them.

Playing far into the night another championship was won by those two campus heroes, Fraser "Chesty" Mitchell and Harry "Oswald" Cooper, who by dint of superior numbers beat down a defiant challenge put up to them by Guy "Pussyfoot" Morton and "Angel" Crawford, 15-12, 12-15, 15-8 in the men's doubles.

Starring again in the men's singles, Fraser "Slippery" Mitchell and Harry "Reginald" Cooper somehow or other made their way into the finals. Mitchell skipped his way into this sad state by defeating Guy "One-Yard" Morton 18-16, 15-9, in a hard fought match—(Ed. note: Mitchell denies this and says, quote, it was a pushover, unquote)—while "Percy" Cooper used sleight of hand shots to beat Bob "Man-

Killer" Adamson 15-2, 11-15, 15-12. Adamson looked his best in the first set and had Cooper on the run, but "Oscar" was keeping score.

Two new figures shone in the mixed doubles (you should have seen them in shorts) when Barbara "Fatty" Jarman and Peggy "Fatty" Aitken teamed up respectively with hitherto unknown kampus killers Fraser "Punch-Drunk" Mitchell and Harry "Red" (foiled you) Cooper to get into the finals.

The finals in the unfinished events will be played early this week, and the full team which will play in the provincial tournament will be chosen.

Results of Monday's Play Ladies' Singles

Jarman def. Evans 11-6, 11-9.
Aitken def. Smith 11-6, 11-9.
Jarman def. Aitken 11-5, 13-12 (final).

Men's Doubles

Mitchell-Cooper def. Tyso-Toby 15-9, 15-9.
Morton-Crawford def. Hurlburt-Adamson, 15-9, 8-15, 15-10.
Mitchell-Cooper def. Morton-Crawford 15-9, 15-9 (final).

Mixed Doubles

Mitchell-Aitken def. Hurlburt-Evans 8-15, 15-6, 15-8.
Cooper-Jarman def. Crawford-Smith 15-10, 15-10.

Men's Singles

Mitchell def. Morton 18-16, 15-9.
Cooper def. Adamson 15-2, 11-15, 15-12.

"Know the West," says the Telegraph Post. Never believe a woman who says "No" with her eyes shut.

If it will help the women, the Woman Haters are against it.

Easy to Win— Easy to Smoke!

Once an art student named Timothy Teasy found himself both short-tinded and wheezy. Till, wise man, he turned back to his Buckingham pack.

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You'll find it easy to write a last line for this Limerick if you first light up a smooth, mild, throat-easy Buckingham. Take a long drag. Then get your pencil out—send in your last line today!

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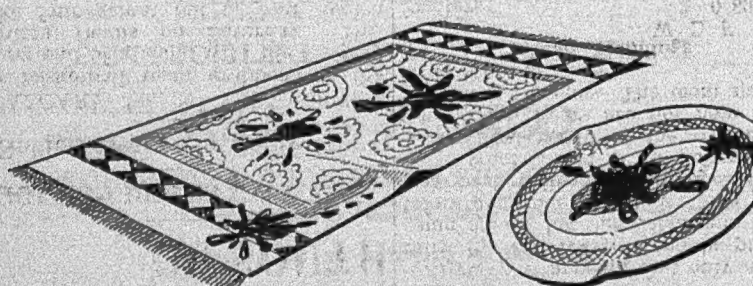
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